

# THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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## MY NEIGHBOR'S STEP-SON.

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### CHAPTER X.

#### REVELATIONS.

"— She will tell thee  
A tale, which, wouldst thou be both dupe and traitor,  
Thou wilt believe against thy friend."

THE evening before Wallace left, Mr. Heber came in to assist him about some final preparations, and sat with us a part of the evening. Jamie had brought out a portfolio of engravings to find something he wanted, and Wallace sat down on the sofa to examine them.

"That's a good face," said Hartson, as they were remarking upon one picture after another.

"So it is," said Wallace, holding up a female face; "It is like dear Mary Wallingford."

I cast an involuntary glance at Mr. Heber as this name was uttered. He was examining a landscape, but he raised his head short and quick, on hearing what Wallace said.

"Very much like her," Wallace continued half to himself. "Don't you think it is, Mrs. Mills?" and he passed the engraving to me. "I think the face is like Mary Wallingford," he repeated, as if thinking that I had not noticed what he said, for I took it without any remark.

"I should think there was a resemblance," I replied, passing it back to him.

Mr. Heber extended his hand silently for the picture, and sat looking at it a moment before he returned it. "Who is Mary Wallingford?" he asked of Wallace.

"My teacher at Fair Meadow."

There was a flush on his face, and a rapid glance at me, as he heard this; but he said nothing, and busied himself somewhat nervously, as I thought, with another engraving.

It was only a moment, however, before he recurred to the subject again. "What is the name of the proprietor of your school, Wallace?" he said.

"His name is Eggleston — C. W. Eggleston," replied Wallace.

"Eggleston," repeated Mr. Heber doubtfully. "Oh! the husband of Julia Wallingford, I dare say."

"Yes, his wife's name is Julia, and she is sister to Miss Wallingford. But do you know them, father?"

"I know nothing of this name, Eggleston," said Mr. Heber evasively; and Wallace looked as if he wished, but dared not ask farther questions.

Mr. Heber soon rose to take his leave, and as the hall lamp was out, I took up a light to show him through the hall. He laid his hand on the street door and hesitated. "It was some knowledge of past events, doubtless," said he, "that caused you to suggest the school you did for Wallace. I find no fault now with your choice, but I should prefer that you would observe toward Mrs. Heber, the same silence regarding the person in whose care Wallace is placed, that you have thus far observed toward myself."

"I beg your pardon, sir," I hastened to say, for I thought there was a trace of annoyance in his tone. "You are probably attributing to me

information that I do not possess. I know no reason for, or against the choice of school I made for Wallace, other than the excellent qualifications as teacher which I knew Miss Wallingford to possess."

"But you know Miss Wallingford?" he said, with a puzzled air.

"I knew her at school, as I did also Wallace's mother."

"Ah! did you, indeed? And this is all?"

"This is all."

"Good-evening, madam."

There was a sigh that might have been of relief, or of regret, as he went down the steps; and I returned to the parlor to wonder what signification there could be to him in the name of Mary Wallingford.

From this time, Wallace came home no more during his school-days. He remained at Fair Meadow, until he was able to enter the junior class at Yale; spending his vacations either with Mr. Eggleston, or in Vermont with Mary. The year before he left for Yale, Mary wrote me an interesting account of her pupil having united with the church of which she was herself a member; and his letters to my family, breathed the spirit of an enlightened Christian.

Previous to his first college vacation, he wrote to us, that he was going north once more, to spend the warm months in Mary Wallingford's old home, and begged us to join him there; for he was sure we could find no more delightful spot in all the hill country, toward which he understood our summer intentions were pointing. And so it was arranged.

It was in the cleanest of country taverns that we found ourselves located for the summer; with its broad, uncarpeted halls, guileless of dust, and maintaining a snowy whiteness, for which we found it difficult to account; for the maid with her scrubbing brush, so common in more noisy hotels, were never to be seen; no, never—she scrubbed before folks got up.

What blue summits towered in the

distance, what tree-crowned slopes, spread before our eyes a feast of ever-varying beauty nearer at hand; and what witching nooks, what wondrous springs, and sparkling water-courses were continually setting us athirst for new voyages of discovery among the hills. What acres of blueberries, and blackberries, and raspberries sent out their invitations to bright tin pails, and ruddy children's lips.

Mary Wallingford was with us constantly. There was rarely a fine day, when the light curricle she was accustomed to drive, did not make its approach to our door, drawn rapidly forward by the round, smooth limbs of "Bonny Brown," as she was accustomed to call her horse. There always seemed to be a magnetic friendliness between that horse and his driver, when Mary's independent figure sat upright in the open carriage, with the reins in her plump and well-gloved hand. I fancied the charm was broken in a measure, when our party were added to his load; but the "Bonny Brown" never evinced displeasure at any thing which Mary chose to pack into the curricle—watching her as he did with his soft, good eyes, and accepting lovingly the fragrant clover that she offered him in her dimpled hand. Mary was a capital horsewoman. I always considered it a loss when the last rent was not repaired in the children's garments, so that I could sit down with nothing else to do, but watch her approach, from the window.

Those were days of rents in children's clothing, for the aforesaid acres of berries laid a heavy tax on this kind of personal property. But "mamma" had grown up in the country, and knew not only poetically, that "every rose conceals its thorn," but practically that there are few berries without brambles; and the clothing provided for such sojournings, was always strong, if not elegant, so that the inevitable accidents that we met in our rambles, were never allowed for a moment to cloud our enjoyment.

"Why don't you come over with Miss Wallingford?" I asked Wallace one morning, for our dwellings were two or three miles apart, and I considered it quite a tax upon his walking powers, in addition to the very long rambles we were accustomed to take.

"Because," he replied, "it is a great pity to let all these wild flowers 'blush unseen' under the mullen stalks, or in the corners of the flax fields. Besides, my boots like to kick the dew off the grass; and then, if I ride with Miss Wallingford, it is a shame to offer to drive, when she can do it so much better than any one else I know, and I don't quite like to be driven—"

"By a woman," added Mary.

"No, Miss Wallingford! I doubt if there are many people either ladies or gentlemen, by whom I would like to be driven."

"No doubt of that," said Hartson, sturdily.

"You would not object to a coachman then," said Mary.

"No," said Wallace. "A servant is different."

"Take care of that dominant spirit of yours, Wallace," said she, turning away.

"I am taking care of it—at least I try," he added in a lower tone.

We were going to Holly Hills on this morning, and, as there was a long walk, after the carriage road ceased on the ascent, we were making an early start. Wallace had paused during the brief conversation just given, in arranging his wild flowers in Ellen's vase; but he now added the few he held in his hand, and held it toward her for approval. Ellen's clear eyes looked up from under her jutting forehead, and a delighted smile broke over her face; but a slight nod was her only acknowledgment of this almost daily civility. Well might she smile, for Wallace showed an exquisite taste in such matters, and this morning his snowy lilies and some rare grasses he had brought, formed a beautiful bouquet.

We were soon climbing among the dewy morning shadows, and the graceful tangled brush-wood, up the broken rocks toward the summit of Holly Hill.

"Let me carry you up this steep place, Ellen," said Wallace. "If you would only let me, I could carry you, without the least trouble, to the green yonder, and it would save you a great deal of fatigue."

"What an idea, Wallace!" faltered Ellen, "as if I were not able to help myself."

But the child was getting white about the lips, and her hand trembled. I had been watching her with a mother's anxiety, for I had doubted how she would bear the long walk before us, and had, indeed, been half inclined to persuade her to remain behind. But she said, "Oh, mamma! I have never seen any thing like it. I have so wished to be at the top of a mountain. How can you think I could stay behind? I will be very careful;" and I did not urge the matter, for I do not know but I was nearly as anxious as the child herself, that she should behold the prospect that was promised us from the summit of Holly Hill,

"Won't you tell her to let me carry her, Mrs. Mills?" urged Wallace. "It won't tire me in the least. She's no heavier than my doves, and it tires her to reach the twigs and pull herself along as we do."

Ellen shook her head timidly at me.

"If she is uneasy at being assisted, it will be no help to her," I replied to Wallace, knowing well that to Ellen, a disturbance of her mental equilibrium, would be far worse than fatigue. Hartson, who, less watchful of his sister than some others, was quite a distance above us when this conversation commenced, turned back on hearing it, and springing down the rocks, came behind his sister, and lifting her suddenly in his arms, said, "I shall carry you, Ellen, you are no weight;" but he was mistaken, and the sudden lift

caused him to stagger backward. Wallace smiled, and took her out of his arms before she was aware what he intended. It was true that she was *no weight* to him. It was wonderful what a fine athletic young man he had grown. One was never weary with admiring him.

"Put me down, Wallace," said Ellen, fixing upon his eyes the gaze that never yet had been known to flinch, when it was once fixed. And Wallace did as he was bidden.

"Courage, Ellen," said Mary Wallingford. "There is a cottage just above here where we will all rest."

"It is the rest that have lacked courage, not I," said Ellen, in that low tone which no one ever fails to hear.

We were soon at the cottage—a little miniature of a house—brown, and somewhat dilapidated, but clean within, as all New England dwellings are. The spot was the abode of a lone woman, who kept her cow upon the hill-side, and tilled, with her own hands, the little garden behind the house, and by occasionally doing "a turn" for the villagers on the south side of the Hills—as Mary afterward told me—managed to obtain enough to make herself comfortable from year to year. The old lady bustled about, and supplied us all with seats, and brought us cool water from the well in a mug with no handle.

"Dear me, Miss Wallingford," she said; "it does a body good to see you again. I hain't seen you but once—bless me—no, I guess it's twice—yes, not more 'n twice, certain, since my Bill went away. Who's this nice young man ye got with ye, Miss Wallingford? Tain't your sister's boy, is it? Well, now to my mind, he's just about as big as my Bill would grow to be. A mighty nice-looking young man my Billy grew up to be—perhaps ye didn't know, Miss Wallingford. But he sent me his picter a' ter he got to New York—bless his heart. You never see a nicer picter in yer life. Now

to my mind, something about that young man 'minds me o' Bill. Don't look like him either," she continued, looking after Wallace, who, annoyed perhaps, by her close observation, had stepped outside the door, and stood looking at the prospect from the hill. "Dark eyes, too, but not so keen and sharp-like, as Bill had. Bill always had a high look. But then, he was put together the way this one is, just as if, when he was done, he could n't have been done any better nohow. He was n't such shape, though—a sight limberer Bill was. But that's jist about the kind of young man I always thought Bill would make. Always do any thing he liked—Bill could. Caught more fish than any other boy, and got his pail full of berries sooner 'n any on 'em. He'll come back and make me a lady yet. He said so himself last time he wrote from New York. I hain't heard from him since, and it's ten year come Thanksgiving. But it'll all come round right. He wanted some money then, jist to git a start with, and he wanted I should send it to him, and he'd see I was n't sorry for it. He'd make me a lady yet—them's his very words. So I sold the old field down by the woods, to Squire Holley. Always thought he cheated me, too, 'cause he knew I wanted the money mighty bad. But it won't be any matter when Bill comes back. Every winter I say, 'He'll come back this winter,'—but 'taint no use getting impatient. Folks used to say I let him run too much, but he'll pay me for all I done for him some time. No matter if I did work a little harder 'n some folks, to make him have a nice time; he was all I had." The garrulous old lady had found the picture at last, and handed it to Mary, saying, "There, did you ever think my Bill would grow so handsome?"

Mary examined the picture without any comment, and returned it to the mother; but she, disappointed at finding no one to share her admiration,

tion, passed it over to me. To be sure it was rather a handsome picture. Where had I seen some one that resembled it? — Oh!

I must have started, for Wallace, who was stepping in at the door, noticed my expression, and after I had laid it down on the pine table, he walked up quickly, and opened it. I had gone toward the door, but I saw that he laid it down quietly, with a start and a shiver, and joining the rest of us, who were mostly gathered outside the door, he seemed inclined to hurry us away.

Wallace took very little notice of the rest of the party as we went on, and I noticed that he was still grave and excited. At last he came to me, ostensibly to aid me in releasing my shawl-fringe from a twig which it had caught.

"You knew the face, Mrs. Mills?" he said.

"Her son's face?"

"Yes."

"I knew it."

"Was her name James?" he asked, calling to Miss Wallingford.

"What, the woman at the cottage — yes, Mrs. James. Her son Bill James, was one of the worst boys I ever knew. I think, as she said, he could do any thing he liked. I have seen his way of filling his pail of berries sooner than the rest. He would go round slyly, and empty the other baskets into his own, and then slip out of the field. He was one of those cat-like, deceptive natures, that I abhor more than any other. I think he was thoroughly wicked. What is the matter, Wallace?"

"What if I had grown up like him, Miss Wallingford?"

"Impossible! you might have been bad, but you never could have been like William James. Why, with him every motion was a falsehood."

"Miss Wallingford reads out a falsehood sooner than most people," said Wallace.

"William James," I repeated, half to myself.

"Yes," said Wallace, who was still beside me, "that's the name; he used to write it William James Fleury."

"Do not let it excite you, Wallace," I said; for the others were now out of hearing. "It is hardly best to say any thing of this here. There is no doubt of the identity, but it can only bring sorrow to speak of what we know."

"But, Mrs. Mills, if you had ever known him, and been influenced by him as I was — I used to spend days with him. But for you, I might have met just such a fate as his."

"I trust not, Wallace. But I know that this will be a warning to you, not only as regards yourself, but your influence over others. If evil natures have so much power in the influence of others, how much more ought virtue to claim."

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We were at the summit at last, and the midday sun hung over half a dozen villages that lay nestled lovingly among the hills. Ellen was in raptures. "Not yet, not yet," she said, shading her eyes to recover from the dizziness of climbing the last ascent; and shrinking from the arm that Mary had thrown about her, in order to point out to her the beautiful prospect that should reward her toil. And sitting down behind the low sumacs, she waited until she was ready, with no shiver of weariness, to enjoy the glories of the mountain land. The others wandered off at their will, seeking new points for admiration, and so indeed, did I, for I knew that in her deepest feelings, the child shunned observation. But there were many years of my life — and they were its best years — that no thought or feeling of hers escaped me, or failed to be mingled with my own. It might be, that these thoughts and feelings found no human utterance, but we had a language of our own, that no other voice could confuse, and that no space could deaden. My sons I might forget for a moment, but my Ellen never. And when,

recovered from the temporary weariness, she rose up and went apart from the rest, to drink in, point by point, the wonders before her. I was loth to disturb her. How her face glowed as she traced the shining streams in among their mountain hiding-places; or watched the mists curling among the blue hills in the distance.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, when I approached her, twining her arm about me, and pressing her cheek lovingly to mine; "you would not have refused me this."

"It repays you?"

"Oh! a thousand times," she said, pressing a happy kiss upon my lips. There was a greedy eye turned quickly away from us as I rose from the embrace I stooped to receive, but no others came to interrupt our silent converse.

We brought water for our lunch, from the coolest of mountain springs, a little way below the summit; and the midday sun was going west with a warning, before we tore ourselves away; and then, we rambled everywhere, seeking new beauties under the gnarled trees and broken rocks.

We were taking a new path down the hill, which Mary told us was steeper but shorter, and would bring us upon the carriage road only a little below the place where we had left our horses. When nearly down, we stopped to rest on a green slope covered with blueberries and fragrant cedar; one side of which, ran down precipitously to a small stream, which bordered a bit of meadow land.

"Do n't go so near the edge," I called to Ellen, for she had dropped on one knee, and was leaning far over looking into the water, with only a slender shrub which she had caught for a support.

"Oh! but do look at those water-lilies," she replied; "they are the handsomest I ever saw."

"But, my dear, this earth is loose. You are not in a safe place," and I started to go toward her.

"There's a little foot-path," she continued, still looking at the lilies; "we could reach them if we could find—Oh!" the earth had broken, and she was gone.

With a sudden bound, Wallace sprang forward, and disappeared down the bank as well as Ellen. But it was a far more serious matter with him than with her, for she had slid down a few feet, and been caught by the roots of a tree that grew out from the bank, while Wallace, in his eagerness, had sprung far over into the water. It was not very deep, and he came up dripping, and caught hold of the opposite bank.

Mary Wallingford burst into a merry laugh when she saw the extent of the accident. "That's a better punishment for your impetuosity than you ever got at school, she called out. "You must have needed a cold bath to cure you. There, hold on," she continued, as he reached higher up, and laid hold of the strong roots of a tree that jutted from the steep bank. "George is coming to help you."

There were a couple of men at work near by, who had seen the accident, and throwing down their scythes, ran to his assistance.

"Handle him carefully, George," she laughed out again. "He has got those water-lilies in his hair. You are a crowned hero to-day, Wallace."

"Hush! do n't laugh," said I, for Wallace, as they drew him up the bank, had taken one step forward, and sank down with an exclamation of pain. But her eyes were as quick as mine, and the next moment we were all following her rapidly down the foot-path Ellen had discovered, and with which, it seemed, Mary was familiar, and over a log bridge to the spot where he was. He had sprained his ankle in falling, but, though the men endeavored to persuade him to accept assistance, he insisted that he could walk, and we went forward, Wallace leaning on the arm of the man whom Mary had called George.

It was only a few rods through the

meadow, before we stepped over a low fence into the road; but Wallace, who had walked with more difficulty than he was willing to allow, in attempting to lift the lame ankle, hit the rail, and fainted quite away.

"There is a spring on the other side of the road just above," said one of the men, and they lifted him in their arms to carry him toward it. His clothes were torn, and stained with the soil from the bottom of the stream, and with the wet hair falling away from his pale face, he was a figure that might wake a tremor in stronger nerves than Ellen possessed.

Just at this moment, a carriage turned a corner in the road, and brought its occupant face to face with the men who were carrying Wallace. The gentleman leaned out of the carriage on meeting our party, and then, with a quick exclamation, sprang to the ground.

"Hamilton Heber!" exclaimed Mary Wallingford, with a convulsive grasp of my arm, for she was at my side.

I looked toward her, but whatever excitement she might have felt on meeting the father of Wallace, had died out—at least, so far as the eye could discern, with this single utterance.

It was not until Wallace recovered from the fainting-fit, that the sudden pain had caused, and the whole matter had been explained to Mr. Heber, that he recognized her, and then there was no disturbance in the usual quiet dignity of her manner. But I thought Mr. Heber's embarrassment seemed proportioned to her self-possession. Even Wallace noticed it, and I thought, appeared surprised and pained at the distant and confused manner in which his father greeted his much beloved teacher.

Mr. Heber, it seemed, while on business in New York, had come to a sudden determination to visit his son up in his summer home among the mountains, and we had the result of this determination, in his unexpected

appearance among us. He had not seen Wallace since his unhappy visit at home some years before, and now he took him to the village hotel, and kept him with a sort of craving paternal affection, wholly to himself, for the three or four days that he remained in the place. Wallace enjoyed this visit very much. It was the first time, as he told me afterward, that he had had his father *to himself* since his second marriage.

On the morning after Mr. Heber's arrival, I received a note from Mary Wallingford, saying that she was going to visit a friend in a neighboring village, and should be gone for several days.

Two days after Mr. Heber left, Wallace told me one evening, that she had returned; and I rode over the next morning to her father's house. Leaving the children to ramble about the garden and orchards, I went up to Mary's room.

"I wish you to tell me," said I after we had sat together a few moments, "what old time memory there is between yourself and Wallace's father."

Mary leaned forward, and looked out of the window, with that far-off gaze in which the physical vision sees nothing. "Né importe," she said dreamily. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

"Of course, I do not urge you to tell me," I continued, "if there is any thing that you would prefer to withhold. But it was through my agency that Wallace was placed in your care, and I have since had my curiosity excited as to the reasons there might have been for, or against this disposition of Mr. Heber's son."

"It was a Providence," said Mary. "I believe firmly that Wallace was placed under my control by a higher power than yours or mine."

"Certainly," said I; "we both believe that all things are ordered by a higher power than ours, but whatever Providence there was in the relation you have sustained to Wallace, Mr.

Heber suggested that his wife should not be informed of it."

"Did he! did he ask that?" said Mary eagerly.

"He did. You know her?"

"Melissa Ford — yes."

"I mean Mrs. Heber."

"She is Melissa Ford to me. My father has the misfortune to be her cousin," she added, after a few minutes.

"I see no reason in this why she should object to your becoming Wallace's teacher."

"Perhaps not. I was engaged to Hamilton Heber at nineteen, and again at twenty-five."

"You — Mary Wallingford?"

"I — Mary Wallingford."

"And why were these engagements broken?"

"The first I broke for the sake of Helen Warland, whom I loved as my own life — and she was worthy of my love."

"But the second?"

"That was — Oh! that was broken for the sake of Melissa Ford."

"Did you break it?"

"No — yes — I don't know — *she* broke it."

"That was strange."

"Yes, it was strange. You know as much about it as I. He was never the same person after she discovered that he was worthy of her blandishments."

"But there must have been some reason."

"Doubtless such reason as polished falsehood can produce. She made our house her home from the time of her first husband's death. I never knew how she managed it. It was enough for me that he was capable of being influenced by one, for whose character I felt such contempt. It was a fortunate thing for me. If he had cared for me, he could never have been so blinded. But when he once distrusted me, I would not stoop to release myself from her aspersions."

"You were wrong there."

"We won't talk about this, if you please," said Mary, walking nervously about the room.

"Does Wallace know any thing of this?"

"No more than that we were acquaintances. He was here with his mother when he was three years old; and on his first visit here with me, he remembered the place."

## CHAPTER XI.

### GONE.

"How beautiful it is for man to die  
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called  
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,  
To put his armor off, and rest in heaven.  
His heart was with Jerusalem, and strong  
As was a mother's love, and the sweet ties  
Religion makes so beautiful at home,  
He flung them from him in his eager race,  
And sought the broken people of his God,  
To preach to them of Jesus."

WILLIS.

"A MISSIONARY! Wallace Heber, a missionary!"

We knew before that he had chosen the ministry for his earth-work, but we had never thought that he would choose that toilsome portion of his Master's vineyard, in which to labor.

"I do not question the decision I have made," he wrote. "God hath called me. What would *our* land be without the gospel?"

I could not familiarize myself with the thought at first, but little by little I accustomed myself to it, and acknowledged that it was fit. He had no home-ties to break, I said to myself, and he was strong and active. His destination was India, and the time that was to elapse before he left his own country, was spent in close study.

"Come home," we urged him, "for the short time that is left you. You can study as well here as there."

"Not yet," he replied; "I am not strong enough. But there is grace for me. When I can meet you without a struggle, I shall come."

"Not strong enough — he! how little we know the human heart," I thought.

The year passed away, and there

were but few weeks left before the party he was to join would sail, when he came to us at last. And even then, he was so much devoted to his books, that we saw less of him than we wished. Mr. Mills, who, of late, had been withdrawing himself somewhat from the business which had absorbed so much of his life, and spending more of his time with us at home, grew anxious about him, fearing lest he should wear himself out, before he entered upon the stern duties of his missionary life. Even when with us, his cheerfulness was fitful, and we sometimes felt that there was a slight reserve in his manner.

At length the day of his departure came. He was to leave us at night, and in two days more, was to bid a final farewell to the country of his birth. During this day, Ellen, who had for some time past, been falling into one of those nervous states that I so much dreaded, was seized with a violent attack of brain fever, which was then somewhat prevalent, and in my anxiety for her, I forgot every thing else. Just at night, word was brought me that Wallace was below, and I hurried down to give him my parting blessing. I found him restless and uneasy with regard to Ellen, but he was too much one of us, not to sympathize with our affliction, and after a few moments I bade him adieu, and excused myself to return to her bed-side.

The next day, Mr. Mills told me that Wallace had not gone, but I satisfied myself with saying that there had probably been some delay, and asked no explanation, for during many days, my precious child hung on the borders of the grave, and I knew that it was only by the most unremitting care that she could be saved. Days and nights passed away, before I ventured to leave her for a moment. What hand but mine should cool her burning brow? To what other ear should be committed the ravings of her delirium? Oh! my child! my child! There is no love like a mo-

ther's love. At length the fever passed away, and her eye gave back to mine once more the clear light of reason. The spring airs came in, laden with the odor of fruit blossoms, and fanned her cheek that had grown so pale and wan.

"I am so weary, mother," she said, on the morning after she had been pronounced convalescent. And we wrapped her in a morning dress, and placing her upon a sofa, wheeled her into an adjoining room, where she might lie and look upon the tulips and daffodils that were blooming so gayly in the yard below. Fatigued with the exertion of change, and calmed by the beauties of the sweet spring morning, she fell presently into a quiet sleep—the sweetest she had yet known. And while I sat there watching beside her, I saw Wallace approach. I knew that he was still in town, but until this moment, I had been too much occupied with my sick child, to ask any explanation of his detention. Now, however, it occurred to me that it was strange if the company he was to have joined, had been delayed so long, and I went down to meet him, anxious to know the cause of his delay.

"They tell me she is better," he said, when I met him in the hall.

"Much better this morning. Well enough to be brought out of her room. I hardly hoped to see you again. What was it that detained you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Mills! Did you think I could go, when she was so ill?" he asked, and I noticed now that he looked very haggard. Of course he belonged to us, so much, that it would hardly be right for him to leave, when our dear one lay almost at the point of death, I thought.

"Then the others have gone without you?" I said.

"Yes, I have been transferred to another point, and we do not leave until the early autumn. But I am going east. I think I must leave tomorrow."

"But if you remain in the country

till autumn, why should you be in such haste to leave us? All the friends you have are here."

"That is the reason," said Wallace, walking restlessly about the room. "May I see her once more, Mrs. Mills? Only for a moment. I must look at her once more before I go."

"Ellen?—certainly. I left her asleep; I should dread any excitement for her, but she is probably still sleeping."

We went up the stairs, and when I had entered the chamber, and found that her slumber was still unbroken, I beckoned to him at the door, and he came to my side at the back of the sofa on which we had drawn her to the window. Her cheek, poor child, was as white as the pillow on which she lay, and in the shadow of the blinds which I had drawn carefully, she lay like one dead. But, as if roused by some magnetic influence, she opened her eyes while we looked at her.

"Wallace! Wallace!" she exclaimed. "You are not gone then, not gone to die with none that cared for you—to die," and she went off at once into a delirious talk of the horrors of heathen life that had haunted her so much during her illness.

"Oh, Ellen!" cried Wallace, throwing himself upon his knees and pressing his head against the arm of the sofa; "I can not bear this. I thought I had conquered, but this is too much, I can not bear it," and he groaned aloud.

I pressed my hand upon his arm in token that he should go, for she was growing momentarily more excited; and he rose up.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Mills," he said. "I thought this grief would die with me. But I can not see her thus. I could not ask her from you; after all your kindness to me in my evil days, I knew it would be a crime for me to seek to tear your child from you, to share my hard life. I struggled with my love till I thought I could meet her and be strong, but now—"

Ellen's murmuring voice had ceased, and looking toward her, I saw her eye, calm and rational, fixed upon us.

"Wallace!"

"Ellen!"

It was too late; all my care, all my watchfulness, all my selfishness I may say, had been in vain. I saw at once that the sacrifice must be made—the sacrifice—that I had shrunk from—dimly before—openly now. Could I? Could I yield my child? I had thought that I loved Wallace, but it was with no such pang as this that I thought of *his* doing his Master's work among the heathen. But deep as was the pang, I uttered neither remonstrance or regret. They knew I would not add to the burden they were called to bear. Was it not happiness to me to see the rose of health come fluttering back to her pale cheek?

When the autumn came, I robed my child in her bridal apparel, and knew that I should behold her no more.

She is sleeping now, the sleep that cometh to us all, beneath the flowers in Syria. But there lieth on that soil a seed her hand hath planted, which shall yet aid to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. And with his loins girded, her husband toils on in the home where she has left him, awaiting his reward.

For the rest—we have gone far down the vale of life, my husband and myself—and now, with our hands folded from life's busier toils, we sit in the evening, waiting for the light that cometh.

My neighbor on the next street—my good friend Mrs. Heber, the step-mother of Wallace, is she whom I once knew as Mary Wallingford. The second wife of Hamilton Heber died many years ago. How this marriage came about, I can not tell—for it is a tale of influences, good and evil that I write, and not of the recompence of affection.

Of my sons, Jamie is a much respected member of our own community—an

earnest, Christian man. And Hartson—you all know Hartson. Do you not crowd to hear him lecture night after night when the winter season comes? And are not his good sayings growing to be household words on almost every lip? You all know Hartson.

Robert Ford also dwells among us, but of him we know little. He meets us every Sabbath morning on our way to church—for our paths to our different places of worship, pass each other. And when he glances at the fair maiden at my side, so like the one I once called my Ellen, I sometimes think from his look, that he forgets that the Ellen Heber who dwells with me, is my grandchild, and not my daughter.

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#### THE OLD BOOK-CASE.

BY MARY A. RIPLEY.

THIS is a cold day. Autumn has breathed upon the flowers, and they are withered, even as are bright lips which have felt the kiss of death. The trees are moaning a plaintive strain for buried Summer; they stretch their bare, brown arms toward heaven, as if pleading for the stainless beauty of the snow, as a recompense for the cast-off garments of green. Dark clouds are floating through the aerial ocean, like dismantled ships—helmsless, masterless, bound nowhere, seemingly; and yet, these wildly drifting clouds shall reach an appointed haven; untouched by sunlight, as they seem, they bear blessings to some distant region; our faith must see in them, even as it ought in the clouds of life, the hidden brightness, the golden splendor, which, ere long, shall fling its banner of love over our souls.

It was on such a day, that my mother was laid in her grave. I wept to see no sunbeam warming the damp walls of the tomb, or shedding radiance upon the white brow. There rested upon the lips, a sweet smile; upon

the countenance, an expression of love; and I almost expected to see the folded arms reach out of the coffin, to clasp me to that heart which had ever felt all my sorrows, and had shielded me from the heavier ones as much as might be. But the coffin-lid was fastened, and she was lowered into the grave, and my uncle, my mother's only brother, took my hand, and led me away. He took me to his own house, and there I missed the gentleness, the impulsive love which I had experienced in my mother's humbler home.

My aunt was a tall, muscular woman, who had been reared upon a farm; she had been taught that any pursuit that did not have wealth for its object, was useless. She believed this; and her life was a consistent one. Her children—a son eighteen, and a daughter sixteen years of age, were thoroughly acquainted with the farm-work; they were as intelligent, upon the most ordinary topics, as blocks of stone. My uncle was money-loving also. But I always gave him credit for originally possessing a finer nature than was found in his helpmate; or than he himself seemed to have at fifty years of age.

Oh! how the love of money hardens the heart. It is like a deadly wind, which, passing over valleys of flowers, blights them; which dries water-springs, while white lips are bending over the brink. It is like a damp, trailing vine, which draws the life from the strong oak of the forest. Even so does it drink the life from the soul. I have sometimes imagined that the reason why my uncle sat upon the door-step, and watched the sun set, was that it reminded him of the yellow gold in his coffer. But I dare say, I am uncharitable.

I was fourteen years of age when I went to live with my uncle. My birthplace was a distant village, where we had resided until my father's death; my mother had often told me of its associations, and her heart seemed gladdened by letters from her friends there, more

than it could be by any kindness shown by my uncle's family. I suppose the real difference was in the manner of showing.

My aunt had not known her husband's only sister, till upon the death of my father. My uncle had offered her the occupancy of a little cottage, standing in a corner of his orchard. We had thankfully accepted it; and upon a scanty income, had lived plainly, yet very happily. My father had held the office of clergyman of the church in the village where he died; and *this* was enough to excite the dislike of my aunt, for she firmly believed there was no salvation without the pale of the Presbyterian communion, and she did not feel called upon to love any but the elect. So my mother and myself were looked upon as reprobate.

But we enjoyed our solitude very much. My father's library, which we brought with us, was adorned with the choicest gems of literature; and my mother directed my studies, and arranged my reading. We had few acquaintance; the minister called occasionally, but invariably shook his head reprovingly, as he glanced at the long row of Waverly, which occupied a prominent place in the library; but he brightened a little, as he espied in one corner, evidently in a good state of preservation, a huge volume entitled "Lives of the Martyrs."

"My dear," said he, "I hope you do not neglect this work, on account of the fiction and poetry which I find so plentiful upon these shelves."

"No, sir," I answered; "but I save it, as I would a small supply of nice cake, for rare occasions."

I saw a shadow of a smile leaving my mother's lips as I turned toward her.

At another time, I took out a Greek testament, and asked some question about a word, upon which I had been studying a long time. The parson blushed, and after vainly endeavoring to enlighten me, took his leave.

The next Sabbath, his morning text

was, "If I come unto you, speaking with tongues, what shall I profit you?" Evidently his discourse attempted to prove that the less a minister knew, the better it was, provided he was "called." Young as I was, I despised with all my heart, his ignorance and cant.

I was, as you must now be convinced, in a very uncultivated community. Certainly, there was wealth, but it was wealth sought for its own sake. The villagers loved to count their gold, although for eight months of the year, the village school-house was shut; they enjoyed looking over their broad acres, although the only books in the house, were Daboll's arithmetic, Murray's grammar, and a spelling-book.

So, my uncle, soon informed me that my father's library must be sent to the city for sale. I begged him to bring it to his own house. I promised to work, and to read only at such times as he and my aunt thought proper. I hardly remember all the promises I did make, so vividly did the future loneliness stand out before me. But my uncle was steadfast. In a few days, the old, dark mahogany book-case was lifted into a huge lumber-wagon; the boxes of books were also packed in, and I was weeping violently at my loss, although striving to glean some comfort from the thought of Mrs. Hemans, whose poems my uncle, considering they were a Christmas' gift from my father, had permitted me to keep.

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It was a dismal morning in late autumn. The trees in the orchard, lately overladen with bright fruit, clustered among green leaves, were now stripped of their changing foliage, and the swaying boughs moaned dismally over the buried glories of summer. The lowing cattle sought shelter beneath the sheds, or by the side of the high fences. The old gray cat sat shivering upon the huge logs which constituted the wood-pile, or slunk

away into some hiding-place known only to herself. The house-dog crouched in the little entry, and occasionally when the door was opened, he ventured to approach the ample hearth; but he was soon compelled to flee to his old place, for my aunt was a notable housekeeper, and no dog or cat was allowed to remain in the kitchen. I did sometimes, very seldom, however, take pussy in my lap, and I seemed to find more sympathy and love in her good-natured purring, than I received from my cold-hearted relatives.

The stiff-limbed dog would lap my hand when I lay it on his head, and if I left the house, he was certain to follow me. Poor old dog! many a time have I sat on the single step that led to the door of the cottage, and resting my head upon his neck, have wet it with my tears. Many a time has he lain by my mother's grave, while I clasped my arms about it, praying that I too might sleep there. But my aunt declared that it was foolish to pet these animals; that my time would be spent more profitably, if, considering my penniless situation, I would learn the arts and mysteries of bread-making, spinning, and weaving. But, when I endeavored to acquire this truly valuable knowledge, I invariably, spite of all my pains, made her more work than I myself accomplished; or else spoiled the fabric I was trying to weave. My aunt became wholly despairing, and, I believe, more to get me out of sight, than for my own good, she begged uncle John to send me to school. And this was the first day of the term. I had never attended the village school, and had no acquaintance among the scholars. But away I trudged, happy in the sense of freedom from reproving eyes during my walk, and, still more so, in my determination to study, and qualify myself for the duties of a teacher. To this position I had looked forward for years, and now, deprived of my mother's counsel, I felt more than ever, the great necessity there was, that I

should find a home where my intellectual tastes might be cultivated, appreciated, and sympathized with. I had an intention, almost indefinite to be sure, of going back to the pleasant town where my father had labored and died; and to which, my mother had ever looked with affectionate remembrance. And my tones were quite firm, as I told the teacher what studies I wished to pursue, and the motive which urged me forward.

He was a young man, a student who was striving to make a way for himself, that he might enter the inner temple of science. The common rites which might be witnessed and shared by the unthinking crowds, satisfied not his quenchless thirst; he would behold the veiled mysteries; he would partake of that inspiration which seems to be given to the high-priests of science. Many years of toil were before him, but in the race he won the victor wreath; his name is circled with a halo of glory.

The winter wore away—I should have said it flew, for surely its months and weeks seemed winged. But the closing-day came. The teacher grasped my hand and said, "Clara, you have accomplished as much this winter as *all* the other pupils. Can I do anything to aid you in procuring a situation as teacher?"

I had not thought of entering upon my vocation for two or three years yet; I had not deemed myself qualified. But I saw that my teacher thought differently. So I replied, "If you think I deserve it, I will thank you for a recommendation." He wrote one, and gave it to me.

"Clara, I am to leave the village this evening. I shall go directly to . . . college, and I would like to watch your progress. You may succeed if you *will*. This *will* of ours, can do a great deal. And I wish you to write to me. I shall write to you as soon as I am established in my new quarters; and as I intend to be very punctual, I expect you will be so too."

My teacher had been very kind to me. He had spent hours in instructing me, after his daily *duties* were performed. It was no wonder that I had accomplished so much. I owed it all to my untiring guide, that I had passed safely and triumphantly, where others had stumbled. And in gratitude, I almost felt in obedience which I had no right to refuse, I promised that he should not complain of want of punctuality on my part.

My uncle was certainly pleased when he saw the certificate, vouching for my fitness to be a teacher. He sat by the fire holding the precious note in his hands. It seemed to me that he looked into the fire an age; I did so want to get my treasure again into my own hands. In my own mind, I had already appropriated a very secure place for its reception, namely, the volume of poems of which I have before spoken. It would have been as safe there as in an iron chest, nay, more so, for no member of the household except myself, thought of looking at the book. But it was destined never to find the honored place of repose. My uncle seemed to conclude his meditations: for he deliberately folded the paper, and placed it carefully in his pocket-book. That old pocket-book seemed to have innumerable compartments. I did not believe I could ever find it again; I very much doubted my uncle's ability to distinguish it from hosts of other papers looking just like it.

Beside interesting the scholars in their studies, the young teacher had awakened the attention of the august committee to the fact that four months of school during the year, was not enough for the welfare of the dormant minds, which were just beginning to arouse as the winter term closed. My uncle was one of that intelligent company, and feeling that I was good for nothing else, he arose, and saying no word of encouragement to me, he sought the other members. He exhibited the recommendation, and with

little difficulty obtained a promise, that, if school were opened during the summer, I should be the teacher.

When he came home, he told me of his attempt, and of its probable success. I believe, in my joy, I forgot my usual reserve, and clasped my arms about his neck, while I covered his imbrowned face with kisses.

My uncle wiped his eyes. "That is the way your mother used to do."

My aunt was skimming milk in the milk-room which opened out of the kitchen, and hearing my somewhat tumultuous kisses, she looked out upon us.

"Why, John! what is the matter?"

"Nothing."

Uncle John had a soft side to his heart. I now felt this; and the future, *my* future looked brighter. But he seemed studiously to conceal any and every sign of emotion in the presence of his wife. She was a Medusa, turning him to stone; petrifying the bright flowers, the green-leaved shrubs that sprang up beside the stream of his life. Far away among the hills of childhood, up where that stream had its source, it was not so. Love was cherished, and if tears were wept, they were not stealthily wiped away. But when the hurrying stream had wandered far from the source, a tributary had thrown its dark-stained waters into the river of his life, and thenceforth the character of the water, and of the vegetation upon the banks was changed. Instead of hastening rejoicingly toward the sea, and there delivering a shining gift, the boon was to be soiled, earth-stained.

My first day in school! I hope you may ever be guiltless of similar experience. I entered the schoolroom, and with a dizzy head, went to the teacher's desk. I *felt* the glances that were cast upon me; I could not see them. I knew that some were sitting there who were envious of my implied superiority; I heard one little whisper, "How nice she feels!" "Richard was himself again!"

My indignation had entirely conquered my embarrassment. I could see the pupils; I could read their countenances; I fancied I discerned some contempt, and I determined that by the force of my own better disciplined mind, I would achieve a victory. As I look back to that rude school-room, and picture the faces which greeted me that morning, there is one toward which I turn in gratitude. It is that of the little whisperer. I know the words cut me then; but my life has taught me the inestimable value of such wounds. I have been stronger since that moment.

I opened the Bible, and read the glowing description of the new Jerusalem, which is found in Revelation. I believe I wished myself there, yet I had not passed through "much tribulation." I doubted not that I should before winter should be over.

Then I arranged the classes, according to the instructions I had received from my teacher; for I had written to him of my prospects. I knew he pitied me, for he had experienced some ungentle treatment there. And when the memorable "first day" closed, I felt that I had made an impression upon the untamed spirits about me; and though I went home, tired in body and in mind, my soul was strong.

My aunt was in very high spirits when I reached home. She was rejoiced that, at last, a way was open in which I might earn my daily bread. I, too, was glad; so I very readily passed over the grudging spirit which her smiles betokened. My uncle laid his hand kindly upon my head, and told me I must not work too hard. My cousins bantered me about being school-ma'am, in pleasant voices; and when I lay my head upon my pillow that night, I felt that the "brightness within the cloud," had gleamed through upon my heart.

Summer passed away on light wings. I had gained the love of the smaller children, and the confidence of the older scholars. My teacher,

who was intending soon to graduate, wrote frequently, giving me many useful suggestions, and tendering his warm sympathy. He also advised me at the close of the term, to endeavor to obtain the situation of assistant in the academy of B. . . ., the village where he was to spend the winter. He would use all his influence, and had no doubts of the success of the application.

Here was an opportunity of returning to my birth-place. B. . . . was the village where my father had died — where my own infancy had been spent. I knew I should find friends there, and I wrote to Mr. Wheaton, thanking him for his kind offer, and begging him to hasten the application. My uncle raised no objection; I think they were glad to have me go.

The journey was exceedingly pleasant. Autumn, that glorious artist, had taken all nature for his canvas, and had touched with his crimson brush, the leaves of the forest. The air was bracing and healthful, and the brown hill-tops, the shaven grain-fields, the musical valley-streams, made a scene which I could but enjoy.

Mr. Wheaton met me a few miles from B. . . ., and taking me into his own carriage, we were at full liberty to enjoy the beauties of the landscape, secure from the eyes of staring stage-passengers. We were on a hill overlooking a deep valley. On the stream winding through it, stood a dingy mill. Dingy, except where a magnificent woodbine draped it in crimson; or the sinking sun threw a flood of light upon the windows, which was reflected back, giving the huge building the appearance of an illuminated castle.

"We are a mile from B. . . .," said Mr. Wheaton. "I saw the Professor at the academy this morning. He remembers your father with a great deal of friendship, and insisted upon your coming to his house for the present. I think you will find it a permanent home, and a pleasant one. I

shall take a brotherly interest in you, of course ; and you must feel perfectly free to call upon your old teacher for any favor he can grant."

I assured him I should ; though I silently decided I should need few favors. I was very timid with Mr. Wheaton — my brotherly teacher.

One wide avenue ran the entire length of the village. On either side, there were spacious yards fronting fine old houses. The thick foliage, almost hid the parlor windows, yet, allowed a glimmer to shine through occasionally. I was very quiet. There was the modest church where I had been received into the Christian communion ; behind it, was the burial ground, and a white marble shaft gleamed in the moonlight, telling me of my father's grave. Near the church stood the secluded parsonage. I could remember many a sly nook in that great yard ; I was afraid I was getting sad, when my teacher spoke out :

"Clara, there is the house."

We were at the wide gate, which was standing open. Mr. Wheaton lifted me from the carriage, and very noiselessly we walked up the gravel walk, and stepped upon the piazza. His hand was on the bell-knob.

"Wait a moment." He looked not at all surprised, but presently asked, "Shall I ring ?"

"Yes."

The Professor opened the door. My teacher bowed, and said, "Miss Cleveland."

The good man took my hand, and led me into the parlor.

"I must kiss you for your mother's sake," said he, and then he led me to his wife ; and I felt as if I were translated. I had not expected so warm a welcome, the atmosphere seemed sunlit ; rainbows multiplied about me. I sought to hide my tears, but they would gather.

That was a happy household into which I was that night introduced. I seemed to be in heaven. I half expected, when I lay down at night, with a heart throbbing with quiet joy,

to wake in the morning, and find myself back in the old farm-house. But my life flowed on evenly. I heard at long intervals from my uncle's family, and with a forgiving heart, I wrote them of my prosperity. My teacher was studying with a leading member of the bar, and often, after his study-hours were over, he would call at the Professor's, to while away an evening.

I was becoming a better teacher ; indeed, the summit of my ambition, seemed to be to qualify myself for the greatest usefulness in my chosen vocation. Mr. Wheaton's directions regarding my reading, were carefully obeyed, and my "life was set aflush" by the brightness of the rising sun, which looked in upon the darkness, and scattered the mists which had overspread my sky.

Time flew forward. We had been enjoying a long vacation ; and in a few days, we should resume our duties.

It was Saturday evening, and we were sitting around the parlor table, chatting gayly, when the hall-door opened, and steps were heard approaching us. Soon Mr. Wheaton entered, and pleasantly bidding us "Good-evening," seated himself. He handed the Professor a letter, which had been sent in his care. It was from a Mr. Marsden, who lived in a neighboring city, and its object was to secure tuition in the academy for a young sister, who was under his guidance and protection. Mr. Marsden himself was to enter the office in which Mr. Wheaton was still pursuing his studies. He was very urgent that his sister should be received into our family as a boarder. The Professor's wife expressed a great deal of sympathy for the young orphan, and as I joined earnestly in her wish to accommodate the writer of the letter, he consented to receive her.

"But mind," said he to me, "we are to have no rivalry between Messrs. Wheaton and Marsden."

My old teacher silently bit his lips, and turned to a book which lay open

upon the table. The poem which attracted his attention, was the "Culprit Fay." He read for a few moments, and then said :

"It was well for the poor little ouphe, that he exercised taste and judgment in selecting a 'mortal maiden' as the object of his devotion. It saved him a long list of exquisite tortures. Still, he really earned his elfin purity and freedom back again, by his achievements. No matter how well-bestowed is affection, it has its attendant heart-aches."

My teacher was talking to himself, evidently ; so I said nothing. He finished the beautiful poem, and abruptly took his leave.

Mr. Marsden and his young fair-haired sister came, and she was installed into the room next mine. She was somewhat lonely at first, but she soon became familiar with us all, and her countenance almost entirely lost the trace of sadness which rested upon it when we first saw her. Her brother came often to see her. He was a generous-hearted man, and his whole soul seemed given to the delicate being who looked for care to him.

Mr. Wheaton came with him frequently. When we were introduced, he observed me very intently, and said :

"I believe we have met before."  
I was positive we had not.

Mr. Marsden directed his conversation mostly to the Professor. Mr. Wheaton made himself very agreeable to Lizzie Marsden. And I watched the grotesque images, constantly assuming shape beneath the fanciful hand of the fire-spirit. I do not know how long I had sat thus, gazing at the red coals, when Mr. Marsden spoke.

"Miss Cleveland, I am strongly inclined to adopt the oriental theory of transmigration of souls. I *know* I have seen you before now, or, rather, before we came to the village."

"I don't at all believe that doctrine. Neither do I believe we have ever met before, either in spirit-land, or dream-land, or fairy-land."

"Were you a guest in fairy-land, there would be an army of culprit fays."

I scorned his flattery, and Mr. Wheaton understood the expression which flashed from my eyes.

He laughed, and said, "Be cautious, Marsden, or you may see sparks of fire without following the shooting star."

Mr. Marsden blushed. He was sufficiently rebuked, and by his pleasant flow of ideas, enlivened the rest of the evening.

"I trust you will excuse my thoughtlessness," said he, on leaving ; "certainly there was no intentional rudeness."

I freely pardoned him ; assuring him that the next offense would not be so lightly passed over.

Month after month was added to the past, Lizzie's health improved ; she was very much interested in her studies. Mr. Marsden was very intimate in the Professor's family. Mr. Wheaton absented himself a great deal more than formerly, and still I did not miss him. I was decidedly ungrateful.

One delicious afternoon, Mr. Marsden called to take his sister to ride. He invited me to go, and I, being fond of the exercise, gladly availed myself of the opportunity. We rode to the summit of a high hill, whose steep sides were covered with evergreens. There, at the house of a friend, Mr. Marsden stopped and lifted his sister from the carriage.

"We'll call for you as we return, Lizzie," said he.

She made no reply, but I saw by the expression of her countenance, that she had not expected to make this call.

We drove down the other side of the hill. The sun was still high above the horizon. Mr. Marsden commenced a story.

"When I was a boy, I always loved to attend auctions. If I was going on an errand, the glimpse of a diminutive red flag, always sent the

errand out of my head, and my hands into my pockets, to ascertain the state of my finances. My father did not wholly discourage this propensity, although upon one or two occasions, when I made some heavier purchases than usual, and directed the bill to be sent to his counting-room, he frowned very severely. But as this queer propensity was my greatest fault in his eyes, he usually paid the bills, after ascertaining that I had not been imposed upon.

"One bright autumnal morning, I was bound down-town. I had no particular errand or destination. It was a holiday, and I went along whistling, contentedly enjoying my freedom, until the loud cry of 'Going! going! gone!' and a tremendous blow with the hammer, made me aware of my vicinage to an auction-room. There were few purchasers, and as I entered, the auctioneer nodded, and carelessly directed my attention to the farther end of the room. I passed on, examining what I found that interested me, and finally my attention and affections were fixed upon an ancient book-case."

My thoughts went back to the cottage in my uncle's orchard; to the old book-case which I had so clung to. Oh! that I could find it! thought I. It should not wait for a purchaser.

Mr. Marsden went on. The sun was just above the horizon. We were going to have a gorgeous sunset.

"The books were well selected; it seemed to have belonged to persons of culture and taste. I, for various reasons, immediately decided which space of wall in my own room, that book-case should cover; it was just what I wanted; the styles of binding perfectly suited me.

"The auctioneer soon offered it for sale, and it was 'knocked down' to me at a very low price.

"Send the bill to my father," said I to him. And I muttered to myself, 'I never'll do so again. This shall be the last time.'

"I procured a dray, and soon the book-case and myself were landed in front of the back entrance. The drayman, with my assistance, got it into my room, and the household, with the exception of one of the servants, knew nothing of it.

"My father paid the bill, and I believe he was more interested in my collection than in his own.

"One evening, I was rummaging the drawers, when I accidentally discovered a secret spring. I touched this, and a tiny drawer flew open. In it was nothing but a small gold locket. This contained a miniature likeness of a face, over which I dreamed and wondered all through the romantic years of my youth. I gave my heart to the faint resemblance, to be held in trust until the original should brighten my pathway with the holy radiance which looked from those eyes.

"No! there is no metempsychosis! It was your face I there saw. And long since, I discovered the origin of the impression which so puzzled me, upon meeting you."

The sun had melted into a golden sea; each speck of cloud in the arching sky, was transfigured and glorified; we rode very quietly beneath the rustling branches.

Before we took up Lizzie on our return, I had promised to become part owner of my old book-case, which I had so regretted and desired during my wearisome life at my uncle's.

In a few months, Mr. Wheaton, having received a liberal offer if he would undertake some intricate legal business, sailed for Europe. He bade me a kind adieu, but spoke no word of the future. Shortly after this, I left my happy home at the Professor's for this one; I have seen many changes here. But the old place is very dear to me.

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The sunlight had showered its rays upon the silken hair which lay upon my grandmother's forehead. Her face was peaceful, and as I clasped my

arms about her neck, she kissed me, and said, "Clara, I never could tell a very good story, but if it pleases you, I am contented."

### THE CHILDREN'S GIFT.

IT was a fine moonlight evening in November; the frost was destroying the beauty of the landscape, but the sky looked so clear and bright, that little Nelly Hammond paused at the hall window, which she passed on her way to her chamber, to admire it. There was sadness on her fair brow, as she looked up as if seeking sympathy beyond the stars, which met her gaze with so much dazzling brightness.

She had just received a sad good-night from her parents. Her father had lately met with serious losses, owing to bank failures; and giving way to despondency, had cast a shadow over the whole household.

As she turned from the window, she felt thankful that she had been taught to pray when in trouble. On coming to the door of her little brother's room, she stepped in, to see if he was nicely covered for a cool night. She was surprised to find him awake, and quickly inquired if he was sick.

"No, Nelly; but I kept thinking about father and mother, they looked so sad, and mother had tears in her eyes, when she gave me a good-night kiss. Do you know what makes them feel bad?"

"I do not quite understand, Henry; but father says the times are hard, and a great many have no money now, who, a little while ago, had plenty. I think it is about getting money to pay others that troubles father. Now, brother dear, let us ask our heavenly Father to bless our dear parents, and teach us how we can help and comfort them."

They went to sleep, praying in their childlike way, for that wisdom which is granted as readily to a child, as an older person.

They met in the morning, feeling happy, as all children do when trying to do good. Nelly was two years older than Henry, and a very thoughtful, kind little girl. Henry was a very good child, but talked more than his sister. When they met in the morning, Henry told his sister he had thought of something, but should not tell her till they got to aunt Mary's, as they had permission to spend the day with her.

The breakfast hour was passed almost in silence, and the sadly affectionate glances of the parents to their children, and at each other, showed plainly that trouble, if it rightly affects us, tends to increase good affections; each striving to alleviate the sufferings of the other, often forgot their own sorrows. Nelly asked her mother if they could spend the day with their aunt. Her mother made no objections.

After breakfast they hastened to get ready for their intended visit. They were soon on the way, and as they walked along the shady avenue that led to the road, and heard the birds sing their morning songs of praise, their hearts rose with gratitude to Him who had kindly cared for them through the night, and had given them another beautiful morning to enjoy.

"Nelly," said Henry, "don't you think aunt Mary will help us plan to-day? You know how kind and good she is, and then she knows so much more than we do."

"Yes, brother, but we must not talk to her too much, and make her tired of us."

"No, Nelly, I shall not say much, but have aunty talk to us."

They soon arrived at the home of Mrs. Hillton, where they were met by their truly affectionate aunt. She conducted them into her sitting-room, seated them near a pleasant window, inquiring kindly after their parents. She then seated herself with her sewing, saying, "How do you intend

amusing yourselves to-day, my little friends?"

"Oh!" said Henry, "we did not come for amusement, but to talk with you."

"Well, that is easily done; but what shall we talk about? Perhaps you have some pleasant thought you would like to chat about."

"Oh!" said Henry, "sister and I can think of but one thing to-day, and we would like to talk about that, if you please."

"What is it, dear, that has filled your mind so completely?"

"It is about father and mother. They look so sad, and Nelly thinks it is about money that they need. Now, aunty, please help me plan how to help father; for I am nine years old, and not such a little boy as cousin Willy; I'm sure I can do something."

This was said so earnestly, that Mrs. Hillton could not help smiling; but the smile disappeared when she saw Nelly's eyes filled with tears. She told them their father was in much better circumstances than many at the present time.

"But," said Nelly, "I heard father tell mother, that he feared we should have to leave that pleasant house for a poorer one; and to-day, he had a debt to pay that would take all the money he had now; and others were troubled that owed him, and he did not know where the necessary supplies for his family were coming from. Mother said we must trust in the Lord, and do good, and such things, to make father feel better; but she looked sad too," and Nelly wept, as she thought of her parents.

"Henry, my boy," said his aunt, "have you thought of any thing yourself, that you can do?"

"Yes, aunty, one thing, if I can do it."

"What is that, dear?"

"As I am too large a boy to play with my rocking-horse, if I could but sell it, that would help some."

"Bravo, Henry! What will you take for it?"

"I should like to get ten dollars for it if I could," replied Henry, in a very business-like way.

"I will buy it of you," said Mrs. Hillton, "as I wish to make your cousin Willy a nice present on his third birthday, and that will be just the thing. I will give you the money to-day."

Henry forgot his business airs, and clapped his hands with joy, saying, "Oh! aunty, how good you are, and how glad cousin Willy will be too."

"And has my quiet Nelly thought of any thing she can do?" inquired Mrs. Hillton.

"Could I not help mother do our work, and not have to keep a girl?"

"I think you might, dear, and go on with your studies; for I would not have you give up improving your mind."

"Aunt Mary," said Nelly, "did not grandfather get poor once, when you and mother, aunt Ellen and Kate were little girls?"

"Please tell us about it," said Henry; "for once mother said something about grandpa's breaking down, and I asked her who mended him so nice, for I was sure he was straight and spry, as if he had never been broke. Mother laughed, and said she would tell me about it when I was older; but I understand better now."

Mrs. Hillton told him he knew about as much as his aunt Kate did when we were poor.

"She was playing with her doll, and hearing us speak of being poor, she said, 'We are not poor.' 'Yes,' we told her we were. She said not so poor as Mr. Briggs' family. We told her we were. Then with a look of contempt she said, 'I know we never looked so dirty as that.' Then we all laughed to think she thought to be poor, was to be filthy."

"What did you do, aunty?" said Nelly.

"We helped our mother, as you wish to help yours, between schools. Your grandmother found she could do many

things she had not thought she could before; and we all tried to help. Your uncle Charles wore a cap made at home, and we had some warm hoods made of the best part of a cast-off silk shawl, and your mother and I picked strawberries one day, and sold enough to buy something nice for tea. I do not think we ever enjoyed a happier meal; our parents looked so gratified to see their children trying to help."

Henry inquired how long they had such trouble?

She told him they were soon comfortably situated again. "But, dear children," said Mrs. Hillton, "we learned many useful lessons of self-denial and industry, sympathy for the poor; and we were taught to look upon idleness as a very great sin. Your grandparents now have all they need, and rejoice very much that their children are happily married, and live near enough for them to visit all, except your aunt Kate, who is yet too young to leave her parents."

"Dear, good aunt Kate!" said Nelly; "do you think she will ever be married, and leave grandfather and grandmother alone?"

"I hope not, Nelly, unless some very good man takes her away; for her warm, unselfish heart, is a treasure fit for one of the best."

They were now called to tea, and Henry assured his aunt that she had told him so many things, he had forgotten his own trouble.

After tea, Mrs. Hillton paid Henry ten dollars, which he put in his pocket with great pleasure. She then told them she was going home with them, for a walk, which pleased them very much.

After a short, but pleasant walk, they entered the pleasant, and usually cheerful home of Mr. Hammond; but they found him in a very sad mood, his wife striving in vain to encourage him. They were happy to see the ever cheerful face of their sister.

After the usual greetings were over, Henry went to his father, and gave

him the ten dollars, saying, "I sold my rocking-horse for that, and I hope soon to be large enough to buy with my own earnings, a real horse."

Before he replied, Nelly commenced telling her plan of assisting her mother, and saving something that way.

A change came over the countenance of Mr. Hammond, as he embraced and kissed his children, and he exclaimed, "No man is poor with such treasures as these. But, Henry, dear, what made you think of selling your rocking-horse?"

"Why, father, Nelly and I felt bad when we left you last night, and wished to think of something we could do for you. Sister said we must ask our heavenly Father to teach us what to do. I went to sleep praying to Him, and when I was awakened this morning, the first thing I thought of, was to sell my rocking-horse; so I suppose it was God put it in my mind, dear father."

Mr. Hammond felt reproved for his despondency. "From this," said he, "I will look up for help, and be thankful. These dear children have helped me more than a large sum of money would have done sometimes; besides, the happiness arising from seeing my children do right."

Mrs. Hillton told him she thought, her sister would make a good economist, if necessary, for they had many practical lessons in early life how to make things do, and save expense.

Mrs. Hammond assured them, she did not feel that she was disgracing herself at all to labor, or enter upon any plan of economy to assist her husband.

"My circumstances are not so bad as many," said Mr. Hammond; "but my sudden losses, and consequent embarrassment, almost overcame me."

Mrs. Hillton told them she thought with their present plans of economy, they would succeed; if they were in trouble again, to let her know it, as she would gladly assist them all in her power.

The children accompanied their aunt to the gate, thanking her for her kindness to them, and begging her to come again soon.

Dear children that read this story, I am acquainted with some of you, and love you very dearly. I hope you will each of you try the same way that Nelly and Henry did, to see what you can do. If any of your associates are poor, try and do them good some way. If your parents are in trouble, it will do them good to see you kind to each other, and trying to be good and obedient children.

H.

## ECONOMY.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

**T**HREE, aunty! you can't say that I have n't any genius for the economical art now! Just look at my winter bonnet. I've made it all myself, and have n't the least objection to your flattering my vanity, by saying that it looks as well as Madame Arnaud's 'miracles of flowers, fuss and feathers,' as Charlie calls them."

"Ah! that is what has kept you so closely in your chamber for two days past, is it? I shall have to praise your development of secretiveness, as well as your taste and economy, I guess; but it is pretty; where did you get your material?"

"You know that crimson velvet sack that I had two years ago? well, it went out of fashion by the time I had worn it once or twice, and has been folded up in my trunk ever since, just as good as new; so I took part of that for covering the frame, which I bought of Madame Arnaud; and with the plume, flowers, and a little blonde, it has cost me only three dollars. I thought I could afford to get the best of what I did buy. Now are n't I going to be 'fit for a poor man's wife,' after all? Do say 'yes,' and I'll just run and tell Charlie there's one more scruple gone from

aunty's conscience as to letting him have her fly-away neice for 'better or worse.'"

"Put it on, dear, I want to see if it is becoming."

The little figure sprang up before the mirror, raised the bonnet, and dropped it just half way over the restless head, knotted the crimson ribbons under the chin, and with a quick motion, stood making a low courtesy before Mrs. Mayfield.

The old lady pulled down her specs, and looked at her smilingly — no one could look otherwise at the eager, slightly flushed face; but her smile did n't satisfy Ada, and throwing off the bonnet with a slight pout, she said, "I'm not going to get my 'certificate' after all. I see that plainly enough, for there's a sober streak in your smile; but tell me why; I did think I'd earned it this time."

"Your bonnet is pretty, very pretty, and you have probably saved some two or three dollars by making it yourself; but if your crimson velvet had n't been just as good as new, and your skill sufficient to make it look well, that is, becoming, rich, tasteful, you wouldn't have thought you could be economical about it, would you?"

"No; I do n't want to wear an old fuss of a thing on my head more than most other girls, I expect."

"Well, but you need n't pout about it, child, I do n't like to see that, and did n't intend to cause the fit; but do n't you see, it was n't the real economical spirit that governed you, not the spirit which can bear self-denial in the matter of pride, as well as pleasure?"

"I suppose it was n't," said Ada's lips, a little quiver crossing them, as their owner looked intently from the window.

"Come and sit down by me, Ada, dear, I'm an old meddling woman, I know, and it was too bad to throw cold water on your high spirits; but if my life's years have taught me lessons, I am wrong in keeping them

from you, when I see that you need them. I have never told you the story of my girlish romance and after-life; perhaps it will not come out of place now, that you are learning the 'old new lesson,' and looking forward to the reality which will follow it—the reality, Ada, and not in all things bright it may be.

"I was the eldest of a family of four, a sister and two brothers beside myself. My father was termed 'well off' by the country people among whom we lived, that is, he owned a farm and other property to the value of some five or six thousand dollars; lived in a good house, and was not obliged to work. At eighteen, I had finished my education, having had a much better chance than most girls in those times. By some means, how, I hardly know, unless it might have been through the flattery of a phrenological tourist, who had 'examined my head,' I had gained a pretty good opinion of myself; not, perhaps, such an opinion as conceited young misses are generally supposed to entertain, of good looks, gracefulness, etc., for I had the sense to know that I was only tolerably pretty; but it was this very sense—something over-common, I thought—of which I was vain; and I think now, that such vanity as that, is more disagreeable than any other. My head had been pronounced very well-developed, finely-balanced, etc., and I had an idea that a good head was far enough better as a profession, than a pretty face; so I was more than satisfied with my lot, and thought all my hopes, aspirations and plans were perfect; was quite apt to consider my judgment better than father's or mother's, and though my reverence, which had been pronounced very large, forbade my expressing such an opinion, I thought it, nevertheless.

"One of my strongest ideas as to my perfection, was in regard to my economy. I thought I possessed a 'natural talent' for that, though my mother pronounced my idea on the

subject entirely original. If, in making a garment, I could avoid the expense of new material, by spending a half hour in piecing a lining, I maintained that it would be cheaper to buy new than to spend that time in doing so; and as to mending garments, I thought the time and material used, worth more than the article; so when any rents came under my supervision, they were either thrown aside, or mended so slightly, as to be guiltless of all appearance of staying so. Not a few have the same opinion as to the use of time in these days; but when it is not, in all senses, money, it may be made to serve in place of that article by exercising a little patience in piecing or mending.

"At twenty, I was married, and looking back to the time now, I wonder that I did not see that in all things I was blessed as a few may be, in a husband's love, a pleasant home, and peaceful life; but then, even in the first days of my marriage, pride said through my blind heart, that I had married, because circumstances required it—because my parents wished it; not that deep fountains had been stirred, or womanly love awakened, for I thought my husband's intellect beneath mine, his nature incapable of appreciating me.

"My judgment was the ruling one in our household—not through the weakness of my husband, further than as his love swayed him; but if in any way my will was crossed, I had but to put on the pride of arrogant and assumed superiority to break his opposition; for with his love for me, he loved a quiet, domestic life, and I held the key to that.

"His income was not large, but sufficient to have supported us comfortably, had his been the hand or the head to govern. My management of household affairs, was on the same principle as my other economy; and in dress, I wanted, and would have the richest, or nothing, arguing that it would remain fashionable longer, and in the end prove cheaper. This

course might have answered in some case, but my husband's business was not firmly established, and the many dollars taken from it then at once, did more toward the end, which eventually came, than small sums oftener, would have done.

"I cannot tell you now of all that, I have since seen, was done by my false pride and strange economy toward the failure which came at last; enough, that in five years from our marriage, my husband was a bankrupt.

"The day that the crisis came, our only child Alice, was very ill with fever; the next day she died, and my husband, broken down by his double loss—for it seemed that his life was centered in that of our child—was prostrated by the same disease.

"I learned then, in the days when every hour led him nearer to Death's gates, and farther from me, how little I had known him, how far above me he was in true nobleness of heart, and mind; and more bitter than all, my lack of love had so wounded him to the soul, that he had prayed for the breaking of the ties which bound me to him, as the only way to secure my happiness. They were breaking then, and knowing it, it seemed to me, that reason, if not life, would leave me; but he died—died without word or sign of sanity, and they buried him.

"I could not bear the sight of a human face, and I sent them all away; sitting down in the darkness with my sorrow, going back with a remorseless pain in my heart, to the past, whose deeds could make no plea of mercy for me, and thus receiving my punishment. But God was merciful, and I rose up at last, with a new purpose, praying as only those who have come up from the depths of some great despair, can pray, and the answer was peace.

"For a long time my life was a desolate one, but I tried to atone for the worse than vain living of my first years, and now, old, almost ready to

go hence, I believe that on my last years, rests the seal of true fulfillment of duty.

"You have not needed all that I have told you; Ada, your heart has no such stain as rested on mine; but for the happiness of your future, you need to train yourself in self-denial as to pride, for no woman is fitted for a 'poor man's wife,' till she is willing to see, and seeing, willing to assist by such denial, as well as all other, one who works for their joint comfort, and needs her approval, her advice, but not her dictation, as to the ways and means which it is gained."

#### THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

JUDE, 25 AND 26 VERSES.

FAULTLESS before that pure and glorious throne,  
Can we amid the blessed throng appear?  
Can sinners, by their deep-dyed guilt undone,  
E'er hope to find a sure acceptance there.

There's One alone, whose power and matchless grace,  
Can the lost sinner's blessed ransom be;  
And now, before his heavenly Father's face,  
Presents them cleansed and spotless, pure and free.

Redeemed from stains of earth, their souls arise,  
Where spirits of the just adoring bend,  
And sound His praise, who from the upper skies,  
To earth descended, Christ the sinner's friend.

The brightness of His glory comes to earth,  
The sinner's ransom, and salvation proves,  
While an angelic chorus at His birth,  
Good-will proclaimed to men, and peace, and love.

While thus the heavenly hosts adoring sing,  
Lowly the Babe of Bethlehem is laid,  
And eastern sages their rich offerings bring,  
And worship pure is to the Saviour paid.

All glory, power, and praise to Him be given,  
By all the ransomed souls from earth released;  
Their strains be echoed from the highest heaven,  
By angel's harps, that nevermore shall cease.

"To God, the only wise, our Saviour" still  
 Dominion, glory yield, and love and joy  
 The heavenly mansions with delight will fill,  
 When faultless, earth's redeemed appear  
 without alloy.  
 D. M. S.  
 ALDEN, Nov. 28, 1857.

## THE FIRST-BORN.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

Two sweet pink lips were laid one eve,  
 Upon a snowy breast,  
 And closely to a mother's heart,  
 A breathing babe was pressed ;  
 Oh, tearful joy ! the first-born child !  
 Her soul was full of prayer,  
 For blessings on the tiny thing  
 That softly nestled there.

Two sweet pink lips were closed one eve,  
 And never opened more ;  
 And in a rosewood casket lay  
 A pale and withered flower ;  
 Oh ! mother, agony is thine —  
 Deep agony, and wild —  
 God knoweth how thy heart will pine,  
 For that dear, perished child.

GRANDVILLE, MICH,

## BLACK AND WHITE.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

(See Engraving.)

CLOSE by the gushing waters,  
 Close by the singing rill,  
 To laugh with its silv'ry laughter,  
 And sing when the birds were still ;  
 There dwelt a brown-cheeked maiden,  
 Once in the olden time,  
 Where drooping boughs leaf-laden,  
 With th' winds, and her song kept time.

The tawny, wooing chieftains,  
 Grew sullen by her side,  
 While shook her raven tresses  
 With scorn, as her girlish pride  
 Cast back the love of red men,  
 Who sued by th' tented door,  
 And turned her from their earnest tones,  
 To list to th' wavelet's roar.

For o'er its rushing waters,  
 A trapper lover went,  
 And nevermore his shadow fell  
 Beside the white, bark tent.  
 He'd won her heart so lightly,  
 As hearts are sometimes sold,  
 For dark-skinned maidens love for beads,  
 And white ones love for gold.

And so the years sped onward,  
 And sped the laughing rill ;

But silent grew th' maiden's song —  
 Her laughing voice was still.  
 Her raven tresses silvered,  
 Her wooers came no more,—  
 She sits for love of tinsel,  
 Alone beside her door.

BUFFALO, 1858.

## THREE SHIPS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THREE ships came in one night —  
 Came in from the windy sea ;  
 Their broad sails gleaming white,  
 'Gainst the sky's gold canopy —  
 Came in o'er the groaning harbor bar,  
 When out of the east rose the evening star.

Three ships with rich-piled freight,  
 Gold, silver, silks, and gems ;  
 Jewels that kings of high estate,  
 Might prize in diadems ;  
 And spices that gorged the air with sweets,  
 And perfumed the far-off city's streets.

Men ran to their safe-hived wealth,  
 From their counting-rooms so dim ;  
 Sallow cheeks took the hue of health,  
 As the noble ships sailed in ;  
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! how old-glazed eyes shine,  
 As bony hands touch the baubles fine.

A woman went down the shore,  
 Down over the white sea-sand —  
 She'll smile in this life nevermore,  
 That wife on the rock-girt strand !  
 He comes not to taste her long-kept kiss —  
 But the black waves rise, and the tide-winds  
 hiss.

Away, 'mid the tropic isles,  
 Where the south wind never sleeps,  
 They made him a shroud of tears,  
 A grave in the Ocean keeps !  
 She thinks of the fathoms that o'er him roll,  
 And the "ninth wave" of sorrow submerges  
 her soul.

FARMINGTON, N. H.

## I DEEMED I WAS FORGOTTEN.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

I DEEMED I was forgotten !  
 I thought those happy times,  
 When your voice thrilled o'er my heart-strings  
 Like music over rhymes,  
 Had made but transient tracings  
 On the tablet of your Past ;  
 Had left but faint impressions,  
 Too fugitive to last.

I deemed I was forgotten ;  
 Till on one golden day,

There came a white-winged birdie,  
A fluttering on its way;  
I staid its snowy pinion,  
And the song it sang to me,  
Was a song of sweet remembrance—  
Of tenderest constancy.

I deemed I was forgotten;  
But I did not know the heart,  
Whence memories pure and holy,  
Once cherished, ne'er depart.  
And though the form that shrines them,  
I nevermore may see,  
To know I'm *not forgotten*,  
Is a joy of joys to me.

RAVENNA, OHIO.

### ARISTOCRACY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

"Oh! where is the slave so lowly,  
Condemned to chains unholy,  
Who, could he burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pine beneath them slowly.  
What soul whose wrongs degrade it,  
Would wait 'til time decayed it,  
When thus its wing,  
At once may spring  
To the throne of Him who made it."

IT would hardly be expected that in our professedly democratic country, there should be a class in society, who claim to be our aristocracy. Whatever we may boast, or, whatever our pretensions may be to the contrary, such a class are an established institution of these United States. *Ai-je raison ou tort.* It is based on very unstable foundations; changeable as the wind, presenting no features worthy the effort made in attainment, or to call forth the envy of those who despair of reaching to the upper tenement. Pride and fashion backed by wealth, compose it. This aristocracy is not attained by any superior acquirements, or, by great and notable deeds, such as must ever call forth the gratitude and respect of mankind, always procuring a name, and throwing a halo of superiority over the actor; placing him in reality on a pinnacle of fame. A name *thus* attained, never admits of a deterioration from others who possess the mere adventitious circumstances of wealth.

We have among us those who are

really great, because right action and good deeds, springing from sound principle, have made them so; but these are not our people, who consider themselves the aristocracy, nor, upon whom we bestow the *sobriquet*. Those estimating themselves such, can lay very little claim in general to the last named distinctions; nor, to those of intellect as connected with literature and art. No, the paltry objects on which are based the fancied right to exact the deference they aim at, are wealth and fashion. These are the idols to which they bow, and when available, they imagine that those wanting in these tangible goods, should make obeisance in an humble admiration of their superiority. All the efforts of body and mind are called forth, to secure wealth and its concommitants, and expensive style of dress, houses and equipage; and every thing else must be sacrificed, that comes in competition with their false estimation of the supreme good. Fashion, that arbiter, opposed as it is to comfort, sways all, and none may assume to be recognized in a fashionable clique, who can not, or who are wise enough to choose not, to conform to its extravagant and unreasonable demands. They suppose themselves on the pinnacle of fortune, and think others should look up to them, while endeavoring to climb the same heights. The goddesses of wealth and fashion! they have attained the desired cognomen, and believe they have reached the acme of happiness—and it might be so, to a vision encumbered by the fog of a worldly estimation—still, often, as in the case of Haman, there is some Mordecai too wise, and too good to pay them homage; and thus they find the path they have chosen, when lighted by reflection, infested by thorns and briars, like every other that leads astray from the straight and narrow one. What infatuation that accountable beings should primarily live for wealth and fashion? What is fashion? It conveys to our mind no other idea, but that of change from

one folly to another — its glare as evanescent as the down on the painted wing of the butterfly, flashing with gay colors — but touch it, and its glory departs, and it flutters no longer, the beautiful thing to be gazed upon with admiration. So when riches take wing, and fly away, fashion can vaunt no more.

Are women of wealth and fashion irresponsible for their influence and control over the majority of their sex, who are led along by them in the same follies? extravagance in expenditure of time and money; squandering upon trifles, that which might bless the orphan, and make the widow's heart sing for joy. "Cease to do evil, and learn to do well," is an apostolic injunction, and should be wrought into a motive for action, until the whole proclivity of the will whispers ever onward, upward to perfection. Where the will is thus biased, and the judgment coinciding with it free from misguiding fogs, its conclusions clear, just, and pure, and where habits of unselfishness become strengthened, it is there, that virtue's sweet voice allures, until there is a distinct, moral picture formed in the mind of its loveliness, and we find it more easy and delightful to follow in her paths, than to wander away from them.

We believe one hindrance in the way of some women who possess native good sense, enough to break away from the shackles of fashion, is a want of decision, without which, very little is achieved in character, either ennobling or praise-worthy; and without which, no one ever made a mark in the world, or ever exerted while living an effective influence, or left behind, those who had been made wiser and happier by their example. Another hindrance is self-love, which places our own little self, as the first unit in importance in the line of figures, composing the sum of social intercourse; and thus we lose sight of the interest of others; forget that the love, of which the Scriptures gives us

such a glowing, beautiful, and perfect model, is the first thing when copied, to bestow the most comprehensive ingredient in our cup of happiness, expanding the capacity for it, and bringing it in unison with the happiness of *Him* who is love. *He* has love for all, and would impress the lesson upon all. "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." If we would be blest and happy, and rejoice to see others so, let us practice it. This would substantiate an influence in harmony with moral excellence, when compared with that of wealth and fashion, as far above it, as the light and warmth of the sun is superior to the flash of the evanescent meteor.

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all  
the cords with might;  
Smote the cord of self, that trembling passed in mu-  
sic out of sight."

It were well, if in a country ruled as is ours, by the sovereign voice of the people, that the characters who are truly worthy of the heart's commendation, and held in estimation by those who best appreciate real worth, should influence the multitude. But, perhaps, we may not hope it will be so, while the illiterate and ignoble willingly believe that wealth, not "knowledge is power."

If truth can be comprehended by shallowness, this class of which we speak, might be convinced by a little reflection, that they are not the *superiors* of our country. We rejoice to say, those who are our wise, learned, and most beloved, and who exert the most influence for good upon society, are as far above them, as the sky is above the clouds that flit below in their ever-varied aspects. These, in the light of self-knowledge, know what they are, and what they aim to be, and consequently live for a purpose, rigidly guided by correct principle. That a respectable minority estimate wealth, and all the distinctions *it only* can confer in the true light — sigh not for its acquisition — place it in a right scale among the adventitious

circumstances which enable the possessor to do good, without giving all their energies to acquire it—considering wealth a gift and talent, of which they are stewards, bestowed by an all-wise dispenser—being grateful for the power, and possessing a heart to distribute the blessings it bestows, not considering it the best of their possessions; such there are, and they realize a double blessing, one all their own in the satisfaction that the recipient is blessed by the bountiful hand that rejoices in the opportunity to impart any comfort to, or mitigate one sorrow of a fellow-being.

Women, by their approbation, or otherwise, establish rules for observance, which compose the proprieties and regulations of social intercourse; why may they not confidently take a step beyond, and by their perception of those proprieties, impress the claim of admiration, to what ultimately produces the largest amount of real and enduring happiness. They may, by tact and prudence, regulated by common sense, do much to influence man to conform to a correct taste, and to what in sober thought, is most appropriate to those conventionalisms of life, which they have partially regulated, and *may assume* in a larger degree to establish. If, possessing talent and wisdom to regulate their own conduct, they may hope—if it be their aim—to do much toward modeling the character of all who come under their influence and supervision. The life of fashionable women having wealth at disposal, and believing themselves our aristocracy, is a frivolous one. Time, that most valuable talent, and wealth in possession, constitutes us almoners for our Divine Master. The influence which it confers, affording untold opportunities for doing good, we see worse than wasted on every side. Was woman placed here only to aspire to be a leader of fashion? *Such are slaves.* We pity the poor African slave, but there are slaves all about us, tied down to the veriest bondage, willing,

because they deem it important to their position in life, to drag galling chains about them, that they may secure to themselves and families, a name and place among those, falsely deemed the aristocracy of our country.\*

How we long sometimes to unfetter them, and by a persuasive eloquence, to convince them how they may be liberated. If they would only open their eyes, proof would be presented as unmistakable, as when Franklin convinced the good citizens of Paris that the sun actually rose in the east; that there was a nobler aim for their ambition, than to shine by being arrayed in baubles concocted by the fanciful brain of a Parisian. Many women with superior intellects, capable of thinking for themselves, yet, live from year to year, as if it were not their province to think, reason, judge, and act independently, and as accountable beings. If there had been issued some mandate from a tribunal of tyranny, the poor slaves of fashion could hardly be more crippled than they are. Slaves in reality, though they might be quite free, yet choosing to wear the shackles of fashion. How strange that this mania should go from city to city, from town to town, even reaching to the country, where nature should guide in all things, without the prescription of foreign rule. It is sad to see the dwellers in the country, whose privilege it is, to be unsophisticated, and to say “we are free,” yet striving to ape the follies of our cities. It is allowed that women may, and do rule silently, but influentially in this matter; and if the power of control rests with them to so great a degree, as is apparent, and they would set their faces as flint against the follies which are Legion, what wonderful revolutions might be effected in our own country, which would be hailed with a hearty welcome by the sensible and better part of our people. Here is a woman who opines she has a name among our aristocracy. How is her

time and attention occupied? Not by the united duties which are delegated to her, and which are paramount with every true woman; pursuing her own real happiness in the right path; studying the comfort of her family, and making her home a bright oasis in the world's desert; doing good to all as she has opportunity — no! all these duties, first in the category, are wholly unthought of, or performed in a desultory manner, without method, and with no settled principles, so as to constitute a rule of conscientious practice.

In various matters of taste, woman holds the umpire; then why should she not be guided by her own innate conceptions of the true and beautiful, instead of conforming to foreign dictation, whether consistent or not? Why should not every woman in that department exclusively her own, exercise her own judgment, and bring out into practice her own ideas of the fitness of things, and then what a pleasing variety should we see in matters of taste; each one could exhibit her own, and thus the *aristocracy of fashion* would be nullified. Instead of conforming as much as possible to the fashionable rule in furnishing a house, in the color and cut of a dress, it would be the rule, not the exception, for every one to adopt a fashion of her own.

It seems to cast a shade of inferiority on American women, that they can not, or do not originate their own fashions, instead of adopting those second hand from Paris; gotten up, indeed, by most the frivolous, unstable mass of individuals upon the face of the earth. Do we not claim to be the greatest nation? and yet, we are not sufficiently independent to create our own fashions, even in the one department of dress. How significant of folly, that all must adopt the reigning style of dress, whether consonant or not with their ideas of taste or fitness. If not conforming, they are obliged to face ridicule, and oftentimes contempt. Notwithstanding a com-

pliance, more than empties the purse, it wounds the conscience, which not unfrequently makes such compliance criminal.

Let not woman complain of the weight of domestic cares; of finding no time to devote to intellectual culture, until she is wise to secure those hours devoted to, often worse than idling. Oh! the waste of precious time upon follies, or, one might say errors. Time! the important talent given us to serve our Maker, our fellows, and to improve ourselves. What a fearful accountability awaits those who thus abuse it. We do not deny that many women in our country do pursue a different course; some are obliged to toil incessantly, and have no spare hours to devote to follies; and such are the ones whose eyes are generally open to see in its true light, the inconsistancy of the fashionable world; they are so far fortunate in being the exceptions, and are to be congratulated that in making a choice, it is that of endeavoring to make home happy, thus securing for themselves, the greatest amount of happiness. The choice is in wide contrast to that of wasting time in looking up the latest French fashion, and to following a certain round of heartless observances called genteel and indispensable in "society." Let a woman devoted to the follies of fashionable life, ask herself if she is fulfilling the demands of Him who placed her here to do His will? Of him who, in great mercy, has condescended to be our guide by precept and example in our intercourse with others.

One day spent by an aristocratic woman of fashion, is an epitome of months and years. We speak of what we know by observation. Mrs.

\* Read the biographies of our great and good men and women, not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, strong-minded women, who had as little to do with fashions, as the changing of clouds.

Frill rises late, for she attended a large ball the night previous; she enters the breakfast-room, where the husband has preceded her a half hour, and is reading the morning paper. She hardly appears to have animation to move; with eyes half-closed, and a dull headache, consequent upon late hours, and partaking of a rich supper at midnight, she rings the bell for breakfast. Over toast dried to a crisp, and coffee with no flavor from long standing, she commences the day, fault-finding with her cook, who was not worthy of blame in this instance, or was wrong, mostly for want of a little supervision by her mistress. After the cook, they discuss the particulars of last evening's entertainment, interspersed with edifying remarks, relating to individuals who attended — the husband hastily finishes his unpalatable repast, dons his hat, and is off for his office.

Mrs. Frill yawns awhile, then goes to her nursery, finds things, to her eye, all wrong there; blames the nurse in the same spirit she had done the cook, notices her children in a listless, uninterested manner, takes up the last novel, and reclines upon the lounge to drive away a legion of uncomfortable feelings. This proving ineffectual, she attires herself in her most showy costume, for a stroll in the fashionable promenade of the city. After a walk, in the course of which she has interchanged many unmeaning compliments with some of her "five hundred friends," she wends her way to the jewelers, where Mrs. Brilliant informed her the night previous, she had purchased her superb "diamond sett"—meets Mrs. Flounce, who tells her of the sweet Honiton lace at a certain store, advises her to purchase it, before it is gone—after a short excited conversation, upon "trifles light as air," the friends bid good-morning, and away Mrs. Frill goes to purchase what she does not need, and spend that money which would relieve many an aching heart, upon what can not add one iota to the beauty of per-

son, mind, or heart, while she lightens her purse of what she may one day need for the necessaries of life. Owing to the rapidity with which money changes hands in our country, the family rich this year, may be reduced to poverty the next. But these "sober, second thoughts" never have reached Mrs. Frill's mind, and so on she goes in her course of folly. Her morning has passed in trifling. She meets her husband at dinner. It is not seasoned by the aid of intellect or reason, and the subjects discussed, are no more worthy of rational beings, than the coming evening's fresh entertainment of frivolity. We ask, in sympathy and sorrow for those pursuing it, can such a life bring happiness to a rational being? "No," even those following it would reply.

From the earliest use of our intellectual faculties, we all have our ideals — some good toward which we are reaching in our "mind's eye" more or less definite, as imagination predominates. We look forward to its attainment, and see already in the distance our onward path lighted by the happiness that shall accrue, when we shall have reached the summit of our anticipations. If our ideal is limited by earthly good, whatever it may be, it will never be satisfactorily reached, and in time, it may be wholly dissipated by repeated disappointment. How ardently should mothers endeavor that the early direction in which they guide their daughter's thoughts and aspirations, should be that one ideal of perfection, that truth assures us may be reached in God's light. Such a one will afford satisfaction in pursuit, while the assurance that we shall in another world attain to the climax of our hopes, gives firm footing to strong endeavor.

Daughters! think no duty ignoble that has a tendency to perfect character; many duties that daily devolve on woman, might be thought so, were it not that we are all servants of the Great Master, and by Him we are

commanded to "do all heartily as unto the Lord." Think not that any of the sweet charities of life, however small, that in the aggregate contribute to the happiness of the family circle, or to that of any individual, a thankless task; but if performed from a pure principle, and with a view of pleasing God, they will add lustre to the crown of glory in reserve for those seeking honor and immortality. No occupation is trivial, if a part of our delegated duty, and if it conduces to the comfort and happiness of others, especially to that of those we love. Thus employed, we may sing with a happy heart, while passing down the vale of life, realizing that the attention and time thus devoted, will bring peace not easily ruffled. In this course, we are cheered by the sympathy of nature, which, as the seasons succeed in turn, with all their beautiful phases, fulfill their Maker's behest; thus harmonizing with our own endeavors to do the same; assured and strengthened, too, by the highest of all motives, that our "labor shall not be in vain in the Lord."

It is the women in our own land, and every other, who live with a motive, and for practical usefulness, who are the truly aristocratic, and not the fashionable, not the wealthy, nor the merely intellectual; but those who improve and employ their powers and talents, so that they shall redound to their blessedness, and that of others, in the greatest amount of good accomplished for time and eternity. We are not without bright examples of such excellence of character, in those women who have adorned life by combining the highest order of intellect with increasing efforts for usefulness; who thought no action unimportant, that would contribute to another's welfare. Miss More, whose volumes were sent forth to the world in rapid succession, wrote with a desire to induce all, especially her own sex, to seek for durable riches and honor; while her pen was ever ready to advocate the

cause, and elevate the character of the humbler classes of society. Mrs. Sigourney, in our own country, by her excellent prose writings and sweet poesy, has diffused far and near, lofty and pure sentiment, with incentives to cultivate all that is lovely and of good report.

Mothers, wives, and daughters! let us place such examples before us for emulation. Although we may not have the ability, or circumstances may not be propitious to reach the same range of intellectual influence; still, let us remember it is *moral* excellence only, to which the prize is awarded by our unerring Judge, who will crown all that, by well-doing, have sought His approbation. Such are the women who deserve the appellation, and should be looked up to, as the aristocracy of our favored country.

#### SPRING.

SPRING! yes, Spring has come, and with her resurrection influence, has called forth from their sleeping, a glorious host of the buried germs of life, to welcome her advent. To-day — the tenth of April — I strayed away into the forest, and, lo! the bright, young flowers welcomed me — me, who had been too busy to observe their silent awakening; and here to-night, I have a delicate bouquet, whose floral robes are like those of new-born immortals. Here, among others, is the Spring beauty, remembrancer of my childhood, beautiful as a fairy's home; here the pretty liverwort, and the pure-petaled sanguinaria. Welcome, children of the sunshine, and the shower! Gladden my heart with a new faith in immortality; for He who can call life from the dust, in the form of the simple wild-wood blossom, can also call from earth's bosom, his own sleeping children, and cause them to wear the garments of light.

M. P. A. CROZIER.

GRANDVILLE, MICH.

## BRAVE AND NOBLE WOMEN.

**T**HREE are three attitudes in which men generally view women. The first, and most natural one is, when such appear as their companions, adding the last touch of gladness to prosperity. The second is that indicated so well by Scott :—

“Oh, woman ! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.”

The third, is that peculiar one, when she suffers without a murmur, or stands, as taller trees crack and quiver, unalterable and hopeful in the tempest which threatens to crush all but herself. This last, the power of woman to endure mightily—their passive courage and strength—though associated necessarily, with much that is painful, or even terrible, has a peculiar attraction for the thoughtful, and wins from such, a silent but intense admiration. One sees not the source whence, when so frail a being is strong, strength comes, making the most fragile of her kind, a very Titan beside the most vigorous and sturdy of men. More than this wondrous, passive strength, we do not, however, look for from what we suggestively call the gentler sex. We do not look for great physical power; neither do we expect to see women with towering crest, wrestling in scenes of terror and danger. We rather expect them to shun such. We do not even smile at their fears, but feel that these are most natural, and that to men is reserved the risks and suffering attendant on active courage. And women themselves, are willing to admit the justness of this line of demarcation. They know where they are strong, and they are strong enough to know where they are weak. The vanity of men leads them often to overrate their own capacities, and to underrate those of their fair companions; but while a woman never can give up her claim to matchless endur-

ance in a season of suffering, she has no wish to assert her valor in the battle-field.

To every rule, however, there are exceptions, and this one resembles all others. The world, in each generation, has had its heroic woman, who, drawn out by some peculiar danger, has taken her place in the tented field, and shown herself capable of daring death in its most awful forms. Among such we scarcely reckon the Maid of Orleans, for she, poor soul, was less a woman, than the wild enthusiast. But among such, we do reckon the Maid of Saragossa; for none can forget how she fired her countrymen as they battled France from street to street, and from hearth to hearth. Our own countrywomen have, for centuries, had fewer opportunities for displaying this kind of courage than most others; for while Britain has ever had wars enough, and to spare, her insular position has long kept the foe from her soil, and only her sons have invaded his. Hence, the sterner virtues of which British women are capable, have not latterly been called into play. Time was when it was otherwise. Two years ago, that time seemed so fully past, that we were inclined to ask with Spencer :

“Where is the antique glory now become  
That whilom wont in woman to appear?  
Where be the brave achievements done by some?  
Where be the battles, where the shield and spear,  
And all the conquests which them high did rear,  
And matter made for famous poet's verse,  
And boastful men so oft abashed to hear?  
Be they all dead, and laid in doleful hearse?  
Or do they only sleep, and shall again reverse?”

Alas, that occasion has since arisen for their renewed exercise! Happy are we that when it came, their virtues, unsuited to the woman, as they may seem, have again shone forth in undiminished vigor! India has been the theater in which those at home in scenes of gentleness and peace, have stood side by side with red-handed warriors, and won laurel for laurel with the best.

And first in order, comes the name of Skene. Mrs. S ne, her gallant

husband, and his friend Gordon, pent in the little room, long kept at bay the bloodhounds who swarmed below. Without this lady, brave as they were, these soldiers could have done nothing. She stood beside them, calm as they, if calmness can be mentioned in such a struggle, and loaded fast as they fired the deadly rifle. The issue of the contest could never have been doubtful. Gordon's death accelerated it. When his fellow fell, Skene saw that resistance was ended. All that was left him now, was to disappoint and defy the fiends. And that hand, honestly given to his noble wife, ended in one moment, her sorrows and his own. The Sepoys, with a yell, burst into the room. He was too late. Quivering in their warm blood, lay three shattered forms, but the tenants whom they had cabined, were already far away.

Again, we have the story of Miss Wheeler. Her father slaughtered, friends and sisters insulted, she was led to the home of the trooper, there to lead a life of degradation. But the sleeping Sepoy little dreamed of the fire which burned beside him. He could not know the fierceness of an English maiden's heart, nor when so maddened, the strength of that gentle creature's arm. At the dread hour of midnight she rose, and sending him by a sudden stroke, to the bar of an offended God, she sought death and protection in the pit where her friends already lay, mangled indeed, but sorrowing no more. Can we wonder, as our blood curdles at this tragedy, that the plaided soldiers, grimly swore on their bloody locks that terrible revenge which this day they are so terribly exacting?

Again, we have the glorious tale of Lucknow. Month after month passed, and the beleaguered handful, diminishing, famishing, sinking, still held their own. Grimly they stood within their miserable fortress, and grimly they defied their miserable foes. But why a defense, than which the annals of war know nothing grander? They

fought for dear life; but was this all? They fought for glorious Britain; but was this all? No! Behind them cowered sickly children, and beside them stood noble women. The helpless and the good nerved every arm, and when the heart failed, a glance at these was an elixir. And they were worthy for whom they dared so much. Again we record the names of Birch, Polehampton, Barber and Gall. Names immortal! Names woven into the bloodiest and most thrilling page in Britain's history. Names which our children's children shall repeat with a thrill! Names which the world shall record as classic, and shall venerate forever! We hope we do not overvalue our noble countrymen. We know now that we can not overestimate our glorious countrywomen. And sure are we, that could the poet whom we quoted, look over the scenes we have recorded, he could again take his pen, and add to his "Faery Queene" a stanza, to tell that names renowned in ancient story had in this day been matched, and that Britain, the home of the free, was still the birth-place of a race of women, worthy a great Empire, and fitted under God to ensure its permanent grandeur.—*Globe.*

#### "A CHILD TO ADOPT!"

**WANTED, TO GIVE AWAY FOR ADOPTION.**—A beautiful child, six months old, to some respectable person. Apply at No. . . . Street, third floor, back room, for three days.

There is scarcely a day in the week when the above advertisement, or something near akin to it, does not strike the eye, in the columns of any one of our daily papers, and so accustomed are we carelessly to peruse these singular notices, that we pass indifferently on to some new topic, without once pausing to think of the little bark of life thus early set adrift upon the wide sea of humanity, with neither helmsman nor pilot to steer its tiny course.

The paper fell from my unconscious hands as I sat thinking at this curious page in the vast volume of New York every-day life. I tried to think what sort of a person that mother must be, who could thus allow the destiny of her little babe to pass out of her hands, and pledge herself never to look upon its face again.

While I pondered on this new aspect, whose strange, revolting reality seemed to stare me in the face, tacitly reproaching me that such things were a matter of every-day occurrence around me, and yet, that I was utterly ignorant of the world of trial and anguish from which they sprung, the strange impulse entered my heart to go and look upon these things with my own eyes. True, the street mentioned in the advertisement, was dark, narrow, and foul — one of those hot-beds of crime, whose gloomy purlieus lie festering in the very shadow of the marble palaces of Broadway. But they who dwelt there, were brothers and sisters in the human race, and perhaps a glance at the abject misery in which they live might soften our hearts toward their sins and weaknesses.

In spite of all these philosophic reflections, however, I could not help feeling timid and uneasy, as I passed along the narrow pavements toward the dwelling indicated by the notice. All the houses in the neighborhood were ruinous and old, with gaping rents in the brick-work, hingeless shutters, and broken casements. Nearly every corner was a rum-hole, and narrow shops, surmounted by warped and grammarless signs, were filled with second-hand garments, gaudily-painted prints, and petty wares, such as only the miserably poor have need of. Bruised oranges, wooden toys, and clay pipes were paraded in the cracked and dusty windows; dirty tin milk-cans stood in the sun at the doors, and piles of decaying vegetables were ranged beside them. On a broken chair, just within the door of one of the basements, sat a red-eyed,

gray-headed old man, smoking a short, black pipe, under a festoon of rusted keys, and among heaps of broken glass and old rags, which betokened his avocation — while a miserable child, three or four years of age, and covered from head to foot with inflamed sores, played languidly at his feet.

All seemed completely taken by surprise, to see a well-dressed lady among them. Sullen-looking men started after me as I passed, while an expression of astonishment varied the dull ferocity of their faces; bold-faced women put back the coarse hair from their eyes, and leaned from the windows to follow my course, and the dirty children playing in the gutters, and sunning themselves on door-steps, opened their eyes and mouths simultaneously as the silken rustle of my dress fluttered by them.

At length I reached the house, whose door stood wide open, and passed along the dirty and uncarpeted hall, up the ruinous staircases, until I arrived at the "third floor, back room," of which I was in search, and knocked at the back door.

There was a moment's pause, and then it was opened by a slender-looking woman with a profusion of black hair about her shoulders, and tattered shawl around her. She had evidently just left a steaming wash-tub that stood on a chair at the other end of the room, and was still wiping her hands on her faded dress.

"Is this the place where there was a child advertised to adopt?"

"Yes," she said, in a weary tone, and held the door wider open, that I might enter.

There was neither comfort nor cleanliness in the narrow and low-ceiled room. The bare boards of the floor were all grease and stains, the plastering was dropping away from the walls, and the close, foul smell of the apartment, together with the bed in one corner, and cooking-stove in the other, showed plainly enough that this was the only room of the family. A little girl washing

dishes in a wooden bowl, and a child, perhaps three years old, playing with some broken bits of crockery on the floor, looked up as I entered, but seemed in no way disturbed.

The woman led me toward a wicker cradle under the window, and put aside a ragged patch-work cover.

"That's the child," she said coldly.

Gracious Heavens! and was the beautiful little creature before me an offshot of the miserable filth and poverty around? It lay among the pillows like a bright, dewy blossom, with soft, crimson shadows on its dimpled cheeks, and fresh, scarlet lips, like sea-coral. Its skin was exquisitely white and pure, and its round little arms were dotted with cunning dimples. The soft, brown eyes, fringed with long, dark lashes, were turned trustfully upward, and as it lay there, beautiful, and loving, and helpless, my mind instinctively reverted to the babe Moses in his cradle of bulrushes, by the roar of the great Egyptian river!

I sat down and took it up in my arms. The little velvet head nestled up against my shoulder, with a sort of childlike confidence that was strangely affecting, and I turned to its mother, who stood by, with a grave and stern expression of face, almost painful to behold.

"And are you willing to give up this child, and never see it more?"

She nodded.

"Oh! how is it possible for you to give it up? How can a mother part forever from her youngest babe?"

She threw back her long hair with an impatient motion.

"Oh! it is easy for you to ask," she said; "but you don't ask how it is possible for me to see it starve to death before my face. I've nothing to support it. I've scarcely enough for the others, God help them. Its father is in Sing-Sing prison for ten years, and its brother, twelve years old, is on the Island."

"The Island?"

"Blackwell's — for stealing."

I sat in silent horror.

"Now, do you wonder why I would rather give it away, and never look on it again, than to have it grow up in the likeness of ourselves?"

She took it from me as she spoke, and held it closely to her bosom. It smiled up in her face, as she laid it back in the rude cradle.

She had evidently dressed it with some care, in a clean, white frock, coarsely mended in one or two places, but edged with cheap cotton lace, where it lay against the round, waxen shoulders and plump little arms, and the sleeves were looped up with bits of narrow pink ribbon.

"I guess the matter is pretty much settled already," she said, still playing with one of the little fingers that was clasped around her own. "There was a lady and gentleman here this morning that had lost their own baby, and the lady cried and kissed it a deal, and they said they'd decide this afternoon."

Cried, and kissed it! Then I was sure that the little one would have a happy home, and that the sweet babe-angel in Paradise had wrought out the salvation of its tiny sister both here and hereafter.

"What is its name?"

"Mary — but the lady said she should call it Cora, after her that's gone. Perhaps you can't understand how it is, ma'am, but I'm glad to have the little thing go — glad from the very bottom of my heart, although it's sore parting at first!"

She knelt down beside the cradle, and laid her cheek beside the infant's with a burst of tears, and a low, bitter cry, like that of Rachel weeping for her children.

I came away, deeply impressed with the morning scene I had witnessed. Who can tell what the future of that little child may be? Who can describe the weary aching of that mother's heart when the nestling, helpless thing has gone from her to return no more? the thousand longing, loving aspirations that go

forth from the fullness of her soul, and, like Noah's dove, find no rest for their agonized wings ?

Oh ! daughter of wealth, when you kneel to-night beside the couch where *your* baby sleeps, pillowed on lace and satin, thank God that you are not forced to part from it eternally, to save it from the cruel world.—*Life Illustrated.*

#### THE STAMMERING STUDENT.

UPON the slope of a hill — one of those which stand like sentries along the banks of the beautiful Ohio, and stretch far back into the country — stood a comfortable-looking log-house. A set of bars occupied the place of a gate, in front of the house, and leaning against them, stood a pale-faced boy. He had seen some fourteen summers, but looked as if he might count no more than ten. He was gazing listlessly along the road, toward the place where he would catch the first sight of his brothers coming with the loaded wagon from the hay-field. There was no very definite expression on his face, but he looked as if the joyous mischief of boyhood was almost foreign to his nature.

Presently his mother came to the door, and called out, "Henry, where's father?"

"He's gone to the b-b—barn," he would have said, but the effort to articulate the word was in vain, and he could only point despairingly to the open doors of the barn, which stood still further down the slope.

"Dear me!" said the mother, half in pity, half in impatience, as she went back into the house. "I wish you could talk like other folks."

Henry turned again, and leaned against the bars ; but if there had been no expression on his face before, there certainly was now. "*Like other folks!*" The words smote heavily on his heart. He had known from infancy that he was *not* like

other folks. His tongue had always refused to perform its office like the clamorous voices of his brothers, and many an hour he had passed in silence, because he dreaded the laughter which his attempt to talk called forth at school, and still more, the impatient inattention with which they were received at home. His physical frame was slight, and he never undertook to join in the sports of his companions, without being reminded by a twinge of pain in his side and limbs, or a throbbing in his head, that he was not like other folks. His school-mates sometimes called him stupid, and he half believed he was — he certainly was not like them. But they were mistaken. Unlike them, and far inferior in physical powers, he had a mind in that frail casket, that was as far above the common standard, as the tall pines around his home towered above the shrubs at their feet. This, however, was not yet to be seen, or only showed itself in the morbid sensitiveness with which he shrank from every thing said to him, and buried himself in a reserve very naturally mistaken for stupidity. He had undertaken to assist in the hay-field the day before, but his father had said that morning at the breakfast table, "Henry need not go into the field to-day. He worked himself sick yesterday, without doing any thing at all. He was sure he did not know what the boy was ever going to be good for. If it was not for his tongue, he would try and make a school-master of him."

Oh ! how this grated on his ears, and his mother's sigh as she stooped over the kettle, made his heart ache.

So he staid at home, and helped his mother, and at sunset he leaned against the bars, and thought of himself as a useless, dependent being, and almost wished that he might die ; and for a few moments, great tears blinded his eyes, and rolled without restraint down his cheeks.

Five years passed away. Our poor boy had grown tall, and increased

his knowledge of books, much faster than his brothers. But he was still pale and sickly, shy and a stammerer, and very few realized how much of a mind he had. His father sometimes said, "Henry ought to know something by this time, he is always studying; it is a pity he can not turn it to some account."

These words, despairingly as they were uttered, gradually became the star of hope to Henry. He had no idea, it is true, how it was to be done, but still he felt sure he might make something if he could only be cured of his stammering. He did not know that he could be cured; he had never heard of such a thing; but he determined to go ahead in spite of it, and sought and obtained his father's permission to enter the academy at C. . . .

All seemed new and strange to him, as he entered the somber-looking room, and looked upon the crowd of half-grown boys and girls, and the pale-browed man who presided over them. He took his place to read with his class for the first time, with a heart beating terribly between his dread of exposing himself and his determination to persevere. He undertook to read, but, while his flushed face and swollen veins showed the effort he was making, only one or two inarticulate, half-choking sounds escaped him. His classmates laughed, and poor Henry felt the old despairing thought coming back with ten-fold force, that he should "never be like other folks."

The teacher saw the difficulty, and came at once to the rescue. "Let me read that for you," said he, "and then you *must* take a full breath and read it just as I do."

Henry obeyed, and to his utter astonishment, read through the section, sentence after sentence, after his teacher, without hesitating on a single word. It was something he had never done before, and it seemed as if a miracle had been wrought.

After school, he sought the teacher to know how it had been done.

He explained the matter to him, and he learned with unspeakable delight, that his stammering could be cured. And many an hour after that, the teacher, when the wearying labors of the day were over, in spite of the cheerful fireside at home, and sermons waiting to be prepared, (for he was pastor as well as teacher,) staid in the school-room, and toiled patiently with his unfortunate pupil. In this he was rewarded by his gradual but sure improvement.

In this manner several months passed away. Henry went quietly on with his studies. The young men laughed at his slow and somewhat awkward manner, and the girls listened when he talked, and ran giggling away whenever he undertook to show them any little politeness. But Henry minded but little about this. He was not like other folks, but the germ of hope had been planted in his heart, and he was willing to "abide his time." At length the two-fold duties of pastor and teacher destroyed the health of his patient instructor, and he was obliged to bid scholars and people farewell.

Another period of four or five years passed away, and we find the minister, with health partially restored, presiding over a church in one of our busiest Western cities. He bore the heat and burden of the day, and sometimes felt almost discouraged with sowing beside all waters, and seeing little or no good result from his labors.

One day, however, a bright reminiscence of the past shone in upon his weariness, and gave joyful promise of light in the future. A stranger came to his study-door, made himself known as a former pupil, and thanked him with all the fullness of heartfelt gratitude for his instructions. "You are the best earthly friend I ever had," said Henry. "You made me all that I am, or ever shall be."

It appeared, as he related his story, that he had gone on with the impetus given him in the old academy, taught

school for the means, finished his education, and became a preacher of the Gospel.

He was a humble, yet successful laborer in the vineyard. Not like other folks to be sure, but fully satisfied to be different, he could say, with the beloved Apostle, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—*Ohio Journal of Education.*

#### A PARENT'S CARE.

**H**OW often is the parent's heart oppressed and over-burdened by thoughts and fears respecting the future of his dear children. Will they be left orphans and friendless in this cold and selfish world? Or, if provided for in case of death, will the money be lost by others, or wasted by themselves? Will they be pious or wicked—live useful or useless lives? Will their pilgrimage be a pleasant and joyous one, or will sorrow and anguish follow them to the grave? And how about the vast unbending future? Will they be happy forever in heaven, or miserable beyond endurance in perdition?

These are indeed weighty questions, and neither family, wealth, or influence can remove *these* parental cares and anxieties. Riches may only sink your children deeper in perdition. Friends only lead them the farther astray; while their many accomplishments may only increase their misery. Depend upon it, nothing can avail for them but sincere, heartfelt piety; nor aught can relieve you of your fears, but a firm and unshaken trust in God. This, then, is what you need; this is all that you can desire.

Commit them, then, to the care of their Heavenly Father, and labor, by precept and example, to "train them up in the way they should go," and

success will assuredly crown your efforts. As Christians, they live *above* the world, even while they sojourn in it, for

"No changes of season or place,  
Can make any change in their mind."

The loss of every cent you or they may possess, the failure of health, the death or estrangement of near and dear friends—neither or all of these things shall be able to rob them of one *enduring* pleasure, or deprive them of one hour's real happiness, but in every situation in life, they can sing,

"While blest with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

If, then, parents, you have real love for your children, educate them for eternity. Care more for their never-dying souls, than for their perishing bodies; see that they secure the "*pearl of great price*," which will prove to them an *unfailing* source of happiness and wealth, and will be the "*one thing needful*," to obtain an admittance to heaven itself.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

**T**HE aster has not wasted spring and summer because it has not blossomed. It has been all the time preparing for what is to follow, and in autumn it is the glory of the field, and only the frost lays it low. So there are many people who must live forty or fifty years, and have the crude sap of their natural dispositions changed and sweetened, before the blossoming time can come; but their life has not been wasted.—*Beecher.*

**WHOLESOME EDUCATION.**—Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce: one who has lost the greatest lesson in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick-chamber.

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

## TIME AND MONEY.

THERE are few in the world who can not say that their time is money. To those who use it well, it is far more than this, but even to these it is also money. It makes no difference whether you are able to turn it into immediate gold to fill your own purses. Where you find it impossible to do this, it may still be coined into money for others, or for your own future. Even with children, this is true — we would scarcely except the infant in its mother's arms.

From the first opening of the infant mind, its time is of value for the forming of those habits, which must be formed in infancy, or never. The first lesson that the child should learn, is that of obedience. When he has learned to yield a willing obedience to his parents, he will next yield cheerfully to inevitable circumstances — first comprehending them, and eventually controlling them. It is only by acknowledging and studying the force of circumstances, that we can conquer them. He who sets himself obstinately against the current, will gain nothing except a habit of railing at Providence. This first lesson of obedience, then, which should be learned thoroughly in infancy, brings with it, a multitude of valuable accessories. It is the first point in the important lesson of self-denial, and also in that of self-control — a habitual and cheerful obedience to parents, learned in early life, forming the very foundation of good temper.

Close alongside this lesson of obedience to parents, the child should be taught those habits of neatness — of regularity in the taking of meals — in the hours of sleep and other things, which will command not only money, but health and happiness in future life. The regular, willing, good-tempered worker will always command plenty of employment at the highest prices. It is apt to be the case, that only ill-temper, irregularity, and want of promptness, are thrown out of employment, even in such a crisis as the present. True, this is not always so, but in four-fifths of the cases, we believe that it will hold good.

No wise parent can fail to perceive even

the pecuniary value of time to his child; but, although this moneyed value of time is one that it is quite necessary to call into account, it is far from being its most noble use. Still, a right reckoning of its moneyed value will aid us much in turning time to those nobler uses which bring contentment and happiness. He who lacks bread for his household, can hardly enjoy a fine sunset, or the blossoming of a rose. Yet these things were given us to enjoy. And so in more important things. He who fails to satisfy the material — the physical want, will find these wants too clamorous to allow him opportunity to cultivate very largely his intellectual and moral nature.

A waste of time is not only a waste money, but a waste of virtue. A failure to turn our time to the best account that we can make of it, is also a waste of virtue. By this, we do not mean that we commit a moral wrong when we fail to turn the time allotted us into the largest amount of money possible ; for, as we have before said, there are other things far more valuable than money. Therefore, we should strive to balance the account, making a rational proportion between the amount of time that shall be used for the mere winning of money — that is, satisfying the material wants — for this is the sole value of money — and that used in promoting an intellectual and moral growth.

In the household, if the mother spends her time in making a garment, rather than employing another person to make it, when her supervision is needed to prevent confusion and waste in the various departments of her home, she is probably wasting not only time and money, but the good temper, contentment, and happiness of her whole family. In such a case,— that is when her supervision is really needed — there will probably be more wasted, even in money, than she will save from her ill-judged toil. But even if this is not so, the irritation of temper which the confusion resulting from her want of supervision induces, is a yet greater loss ; for a wife should see, at least, that she is no more wasteful of her husband's

happiness, than of the contents of his purse.

Those whose use of time results only in confusion, are wasting time, money, and virtue. Their own virtues, perhaps, are not very much in the account — though their *possible* virtues ought also to be reckoned — but they have a sad capacity for fretting out the virtue of other people. Some persons, in fact, in their use of time, money, or virtue, work out just about such a tangle as a kitten will make with a skein of thread. The surest way to prevent such confusion in character, and in the consequent uses of life, is for a parent to appreciate fully the value of time to his child, and to see that his early training is cared for according to this value.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.  
EDUCATION OF THE LUNGS.

"To educate is to develop. It is, as the Scripture would express it, to train up. Merely to *instruct*, is but a small part of education. The body may be educated, as well as the mind and heart. The lungs may be educated, as well as the rest of the bodily frame. It is in this point of view, and with this large idea of education, that it consists in rearing or training — in the formation of character, either of soul or body — that I shall proceed to speak of certain things as tending either to educate or mis-educate the lungs. These important organs may be educated wrong, as well as right, and this in ways nearly innumerable.

"The mother or nurse, during the earliest days of infantile life, is educating the lungs. I have seen this infantile education so misapplied, as to render the child's breast-bones, in shape more like the keel of a vessel, than a suitable cavity for the lungs. Some undertake to tell us that the breast, in these cases, will come into shape again, but this is very doubtful. In any event, it is better to train up a child physically, no less than morally, in the way he should go, that when he is old, he may not depart from it.

"If the young were taught from the first, to breathe freely, and to make it a part of their duty to expand their lungs; and if,

what we believed to be a duty, were enforced by a steadily consistent example, we should have fewer lung diseases than now. In truth, I have very little doubt that in this way, principally, the horrors of pulmonary consumption are to be removed from our otherwise happy and healthy country.

"Children should from the very first — whether in speaking, singing, or reading — be accustomed to keep their lungs inflated. They should never be suffered to use these organs while *at the bottom of their condition*. It is as hurtful to the respiratory apparatus as it is to the bony and muscular system, to be compelled to work when its vitality is below par; and in either case, the drain upon the strength of the general system, the tendency to general exhaustion, are very considerable. And yet how few children are made to feel that, in order to preserve the health of the lungs unimpaired, or even the general health, they must keep on hand in the cavity of the lungs, a full supply of air? How many in reading or speaking, especially the latter, mumble out a large proportion of their words, particularly the first or introductory ones; and all this just because they are too indolent to fill well the lungs, or to keep them well-filled after they have been inflated. How many sing with the same carelessness, not to say recklessness, about air, as that with which they read or speak.

"Observe one of our flippant pupils of our public schools. He pauses, perhaps, when he comes to a comma, or at least, when he reaches a semicolon; but how long? not while he can count two deliberately — no, not one. And what pause he makes, is made by force, as it were, and seems measured, and compressed, and stinted. He hardly stays to take breath, but dashes on. Or, if he takes breath at all, it is only a little, not half enough to fill the space which ought to be filled and kept so.

"Perhaps he is naturally short-breathed, by reason of feeble, delicate, physical lungs. Instead of compelling himself to a short effort only — a single sentence, perhaps — and taking special care to keep his lungs at the top of their condition, while he does read, he reads just as far as he can, till his breath is all gone; then catches a little, and

a half-spasmodic effort, and drives on toward the goal. You may observe a natural—I would rather say, *unnatural* declination, or slope, all the way from the beginning of his reading to his stopping-place. He pitches his tone high enough—perhaps a little too high, as if conscious he should not hold out, and desirous of beginning so high as not to run quite ashore before he comes to the end of his paragraph. He goes down, down with frequent renewals in part, till he comes to the end; which, if at all distant, he reaches in a tone scarcely above breath.

"Now, the worst of all this is, not that it keeps up a most unnatural and wretched habit of reading, though one would think this was bad enough, but that it weakens the muscular power of the lungs, both the voluntary and involuntary; and at the same time, gradually predisposes to disease. Every child who reads thus, will be thereby rendered more liable to severe colds, lung fever, cold feet, and other extremities, and to consumption.

"The whole direction to be given in this case, is to make all the varied exercise of singing, reading, and talking, so many means of well inflating the lungs, and keeping them well-inflated. Some tell us, that they who succeed in doing this, will never have pulmonary consumption, and hardly ever any pulmonary diseases. The tubercles which are so often found lying between the cells of the lungs, not larger than pin-heads, being habitually compressed by full lungs, can not be developed. The German physicians are even wont to say, that singing will cure pulmonary consumption, without any other aid. Certain it is, whatever may be our theories, that much speaking, and loud reading and singing, requiring as they do and *must*, a good deal of inflation of the lungs, will do much to preserve this part of the human house in good repair, if not to break up incipient disease."

OLCOTT.

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GRAPES.

EARLY NORTHERN MUSCADINE.—We have just received a box of healthful, vigorous-looking roots of this grape, from the Shakers at New Lebanon. This variety is a seed-

ling from the native White Grape, and has been in bearing more than ten years, and tried under every variety of circumstances; and has borne this test, so as to be selected from more than forty kinds, as the choicest and best, and in fact, the only really fine-flavored grape which is well adapted to our northern climate. Prof. J. P. Kirtland said of it last autumn:

"During the last three weeks, we have amused ourselves in treating perhaps a hundred individuals to specimens of the Northern Muscadine, Catawba, Diana, Clinton, Isabella, and Winslow's Seedling. Four out of five of those persons, have decided the Northern Muscadine to be the best grape in that list. It ripens nearly a month sooner than the Isabella, and is said to be very hardy and productive."

Our grape frames have already won much favor from the Isabellas and Burgundys that hang over them. We shall watch the progress of our Muscadines, and report to our readers, both from the love we bear to themselves, and from the interest we feel in one of the best of heaven's *material* gifts to man. It strikes us, that no man who loves his home and his children, can fail to be interested in the cultivation of fine fruits. And there is no fruit which yields so rich a reward for the space it occupies, and the care it requires, as the grape. Every one who owns a rod of ground, may plant a vine, and expect a bountiful harvest.

Our favorite Isabella, which, five years ago, was a just-rooted slip as long as your hand, that a lady brought us one morning, is now in its *adult estate*, the occupant of a space of ground half as large as a kitchen table, (except, perhaps, where its roots run under the house and under the side-walk,) and for the last two years, has hung about the eaves from half a bushel to a bushel of grapes in a season.

Last fall, we had only to fill a pudding dish full of clusters from this vine, and pouring over a little water from the teakettle, let them remain upon the stove five minutes, or, until the skins were broken, and then adding as little sugar as would be required for a dish of apple-sauce, we placed them by the pantry window to cool, and they formed the most delightful of accompaniments for the

tea-table. This was easier and cheaper, even than apple-sauce. For deserts, and for jellies, pies, and puddings, there is nothing more delicious than the grape. Therefore, buy a grape-vine, and while you are about it, buy the best that you can find, so that its years of growth may not be wasted. And when you have bought it, take care of it. See that the earth about its roots is kept loose and well fed. Grapes won't grow out of a *stone*, any more than corn or potatoes. Bury the bones from your table where the roots of the grape can reach them, and those bones will yield you a far better product than their last one.

In speaking of our Northern Muscadines—for which our friends at New Lebanon must accept our hearty thanks—we did not intend to write an essay on grape culture, but the growth of this noble fruit is, even yet, so much neglected everywhere, that we could not help saying what we have. And let us say further, that if the plot of ground you own is but a span's breadth, there is still room for a grape-vine. Train it up the south side of your house, where the color of the walls, will help the sun *make sugar* for you. And build an arbor for it on the roof, if need be. Do not be afraid that it will rot the roof. If it is pruned enough to let the grapes grow favorably, it will not do this. And if you fear it will, paint the roof—a roof always pays for painting—red, if you like, and the good ruddy color will also help make sugar. We have heard of a man who prepared to make sugar from maple trees all through the summer. The recipe we give, will make it without the aid of maple trees. Grapes, or other fruit grown where the sun is reflected from such a wall, will be far sweeter than those grown elsewhere.

Price of the Early Northern Muscadine from \$1.00 to \$3.00 per root.

Our box also contains a new gooseberry, "The Mountain Seedling of Lebanon," of which it is said, that "while other kinds are constantly deteriorating, mildewing, and casting their fruit, the Mountain Seedling has improved year by year, both in the quantity and quality of its fruit." It has never been known to blast or mildew.

We have a small plantation of gooseberries, which, for four or five years past, has

given the largest crops of the best gooseberries we ever saw. We have placed our Mountain Seedling side by side with these, and intend fully to test their worth.

Address Jessie Lewis, New Lebanon Shaker Village, Columbia County, N. Y.

#### THE LAWTON BLACKBERRY.

WE acknowledge the receipt of a box of the Lawton Blackberry plants from WILLIAM LAWTON, No. 54 Wall Street, N. Y. This is a new and entirely distinct variety of the blackberry—the first improvement, it is supposed, which has ever been discovered or obtained in this plant. Its size and quality do not depend on careful cultivation, but where the common kinds will thrive, this may be had in perfection. Downing, the well-known nurseryman of Newburg, says:

"There is no humbug about it; and the only wonder is, that it has not been more generally introduced and propogated before. The fruit is large and sweet. It is an enormous bearer, indeed, the quantity (considering the large size of the fruit) surprised me, and the berries were perfect."

We can only say again, do not waste time and space upon poor fruits, when such excellent varieties are to be had.

A NEW WORK ON HORTICULTURE.—THE GARDEN; A NEW POCKET MANUAL OF PRACTICAL HORTICULTURE; or, How to Cultivate Kitchen Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs. With an Exposition of the Nature and Action of Soils and Manures, the Structure of Plants, and the Laws of Vegetable Life and Growth, etc. By the author of "How to Write," "How to Behave," etc. FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York. Price, in paper, 30 cents, in cloth, 50 cents.

This is an eminently popular and practical work—so convenient in form and size, that it can be carried in the pocket; and so low in price, that all can buy it; while, at the same time, it is thorough, comprehensive, and reliable. It not only tells the reader *what* to do, but *why* it should be done. The chapter on the Flower Garden is very good. Adapted to all sections—the South, as well as the North.